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 Christmas
and Greetings 



Horace Davis

March 16, 1831

July 12, 1916

The
L-M-L Life



LICK
WILMERDING
LUX
CHRISTMAS

VOL. 14

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1916



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Trustees of the Lick School, Past and Present

T

HE death of Horace Davis, last July, marked the end of a distinct epoch in the affairs of the Lick School. He was the last of the six men who were named as trustees by James Lick, the founder of the school, and he continued in active service as President of the Board for more than forty years.

On September 21, 1875, Mr. Lick executed a deed of trust by which he conveyed a large amount of property for various purposes of public benefit, of which the California School of Mechanical Arts, as he chose to name it, was one. As trustees of the school he named Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, Horace Davis, A. S. Hallidie, John Oscar Eldridge, John O. Earl, and Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, requiring them "to form a corporation, the only incorporators being themselves."

These men were chosen by Mr. Lick because of their recognized ability and their prominence in civic affairs. To them and to their successors we are indebted for the sound financial administration of the trust, and for the splendid ideals that have always been associated with the name of the Lick School.

Mr. Eldridge having died before the date of incorporation, December 2, 1885, only five names appear in the articles of incorporation. Dr. Stillman having removed to San Bernardino, resigned May 3, 1886, and was succeeded by William Ashburner. Judge Sawyer also resigned May 3, 1886, and was succeeded by John H. Boalt. Mr. Ashburner's death was reported at the meeting of May 11, 1887, and Rev. Horatio Stebbins was elected as his successor. Judge Boalt resigned July 31, 1894, and was succeeded by James Spiers. Mr. John O. Earl died January 10, 1900, and was succeeded by Frank J. Symmes on February 16, 1900. Mr. Hallidie died April 24, 1900, and was succeeded by Mr. Charles A. Murdock, May 4, 1900. Dr. Stebbins having moved out of the State, resigned May 4, 1900, and was succeeded by Edward B. Pond. Mr. Spiers died August 12, 1902, and was succeeded by John O. Harron, January 16, 1903.

On November 22, 1906, the Board membership was increased from five to seven members by the election of Rudolph J. Taussig and John D. Gallo-way, the trust providing that the corporation shall never exceed seven. Mr. Pond died April 21, 1910, and was succeeded by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, November 16, 1910. Mr. Harron died December 19, 1913, and was succeeded by Mr. Guy C. Earl, February 18, 1914. Mr. Symmes died March 14, 1916, and was succeeded by James K. Moffitt, July 20, 1916.

Mr. Davis died July 12, 1916. On July 20, 1916, Mr. Taussig was chosen to succeed him as President of the Board, but the membership vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Davis is still unfilled.

For we have
seen His star
in the east
and are come
to worship

Him



H. ELKVI.

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The Return of the Wanderer

THE chimes of the little chapel pealed forth eight musical notes. Then there was silence.

Lighted windows and merry voices from open doors of the houses bore testimony of the happiness and contentment within. "Home is where the heart is."

I walked slowly through the little village, meditating on the contentment of my flock. Half unconsciously I breathed a prayer of thankfulness that my people were comfortably housed and fed.

It was Christmas eve and peace was in the homes of the villagers. "Peace on earth, good will to men."

With these thoughts running through my mind, I slowly walked towards the parish house. I was so preoccupied that I almost stumbled over a dark figure at the gate.

The man sprang up and with a muttered apology was about to turn aside. Something in his attitude attracted my attention.

I looked at his face closely. Surely there was something familiar about him. Whom did he remind me of? The disquieting resemblance prompted me to detain him.

"Did you wish to see me?" I asked.

"No," he said, with a low, bitter laugh. "I have no dealings with you." Again he made as if to move off.

"Won't you come in and rest a moment?" I cannot account for my persistence but something in the man seemed to attract me. A lurking expression in his face recalled someone. Who was it?

"I was just looking in at your window," he said, in a low tone, as if he spoke unwillingly. "It seemed mighty attractive with those greens and the fire."

His last words came hesitatingly. He turned his face aside and stared into the darkness. What strange chance had brought this wanderer to my gate?

"Come in a few moments," I again said. "It is late and the roads are dark," and taking his arm, I gently pulled him towards the house.

We paused at the door of my small study. It was a cheerful room. He hung back as if loath to enter. I appeared not to notice his embarrassment and chatted on various subjects, endeavoring to put him at his ease. He answered in monosyllables, but seemed less suspicious of my interest. I told the housekeeper to prepare some refreshment for him. While he partook of it I had an opportunity to study him.

He was a man of about thirty, with black hair and olive complexion. His eyes were large and brown but there was a heavy, brooding light in them which detracted from their beauty. When he finished eating, he crossed

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to the fireplace and stood leaning against the mantle, his head resting on his arm. Silence fell between us.

Again the musical chimes rang out—I counted nine.

"I see you do not recognize me." The stranger stood upright and turned towards me.

"You remind me of someone," I answered.

"I am Jack Donnely." The name puzzled me.

"My mother was Ann Sharon." A flash of enlightenment came at that. Ann Sharon—a queen among women—had married a worthless man, a stranger to the village. She had died when her little son was three years old and the father had taken the boy away. Father and son were soon forgotten.

"I remember your mother well. She was a splendid woman."

His manner brightened at the words. Suddenly he came and sat opposite me.

"I am going to tell you why I came back," he said quickly. Then his manner changed. A bitter expression crossed his face.

"I came back to kill a man." The words came slowly. They were spoken without a trace of emotion. Involuntarily I started and glanced towards my strange guest. He was looking into the fire. I saw his arm move. Something flashed in the firelight.

"My trusty Colt," he said, as he watched the steel catch and reflect the fire's rays. "It will serve me well tonight."

How loudly the clock ticked!

I waited.

"Father and I went to a lumber camp after we left here. We stayed at the camp until I was sixteen. One night, Tim, one of the men, awakened me and told me that my father had been killed by 'Red' Ragen. My world seemed to fall to pieces. I had not loved my father but he was my only kin. A feeling of rebellion against Fate overcame me and, although I was but a child, a desire for vengeance filled my heart with bitterness. . . . I have been searching for 'Red' since that night"

He paused for a moment and seemed lost in reflection. I did not speak.

"My search has been rewarded." He stopped abruptly. Leaning back, he shaded his face with his hand.

"He is here, in this village."

A tremor passed over me. I felt chilled. The phrase of universal justice crossed my mind, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

There was no sound in the room. Off in the distance the singing of children's voices could be heard. They became clearer. The words were distinct now. The fresh young voices were chanting "Peace on earth, good will to men."

"Listen." I held up my hand.

The children had paused outside my window. Their sweet voices seemed to fill the room.

The man sat upright. He cried defiantly, "There is no peace except that which satisfied vengeance gives."

"Peace on earth," I murmured.

He shrugged impatiently. The revolver fell to the floor with a clang. He picked it up and held it in his hand. Suddenly an expression of repulsion crossed his face. His control left him and he covered his face with his hands.

"Give me peace," he cried. His voice was muffled.

A feeling of exaltation possessed me. We talked far into the night. The fire had gone out. The candles began to flicker uncertainly. The wind rattled at the windows. But what did anything matter?

Peace was within. I had gained a new soul for the faith. Borne back through the clear air came the echo of the children's happy voices: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

ELIZABETH BAILEY '17.

A Gift from the Trenches

ONE COLD evening in December, it may have been 4 o'clock, a delapidated being and a crutch stalked along the Domme road, which after miles of turns and twists, sharp down-grades, and still sharper up-grades, finally led into the village of St. Flour.

The figure, however disguised by nature, revealed a young man of about twenty. His once boyish face was now covered with an unkempt and unwieldy beard above which eyes, handsome but fatigued, roved. Under his right armpit he kept a crutch, but seemed at a loss to handle it. His right leg was bandaged in true military fashion; but it was all in place, which suggested that the man was perhaps not crippled. He was dressed in the grey green attire of a French scout, which if described, would better be called a dirty brown uniform, for the dust of the country road, on which he had traversed some miles back, still clung to the woolen cloth. His coat had been patched all about, presumably by himself, for the patches had been executed with an unimaginable variety of thread.

An old peasant on the road a few miles back thought him to be a tramp until upon passing him he spied a medal upon his breast. This distinction had called forth a "Good evening, Monsieur." This was the only greeting he had received since leaving the main road.

The Domme road followed the Auvergne Range its entire length, having been cut into the hillside at a distance halfway between the foot and summit of the range; on both sides mighty evergreens guarded the forlorn roadway. Perhaps it could have been called a thoroughfare before the war when there were men in France to use it, but now it seemed more a part of the hillside. Grass and weeds had entirely covered its level except at spots where huge boulders had lately crashed down on the path creating obstacles to both woman and beast. At intervals the foliage below broke away and allowed a glimpse of the valley. The tops of the mighty evergreens seemed great stairs leading below to the floor of the valley where a stream could be seen reflecting the beautiful heavens. At one of these breaks in the foliage the man stopped and gazed down on the stage at his feet; he might have stood thus until night if a sound had not disturbed him.

Coming up from beneath, clear and sweet, softly rebounding from the opposite sides of the valley, sounded the deep and musical vibration of a church bell. As these tones were wafted to his ear his manner changed. His head bobbed up, a smile spread over his features, and with a hopeful countenance he resumed his walking at a quicker pace. A couple of hundred yards farther on, the road made a sharp turn and it seemed the wayfarer wished to reach this point as quickly as possible. No wonder! From this point the whole valley could be seen. At last he reached the turn and looked down. His smile became broader. Below him lay the village of St. Flour, on the outskirts of which the church tower raised itself from the surrounding thatched roofs of the common folk. He enjoyed this spectacle for a few moments and then continued along the road which now rapidly swerved downward. Only the birds heard him whisper, "Home."

St. Flour, his destination, was a very small village. There were but fifty roofs, the church made fifty-one. St. Flour had founded the village; St. Flour's work remained; no soul had bettered it; nature, only, dared destroy it, but nature was so gentle that the buildings were still habitable.

On this night a stiff biting wind raced through the valley from the west, threatening a storm. For this reason the good housewives of the village had put up the shutters, giving the village a very desolate appearance. In performing this act they had fulfilled two purposes. One was to shut the storm

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out. The other, unintended, was to shut out the sight of a stranger entering the town from the east. It was the same man to whom the old peasant on the Domme road had offered a greeting. Upon entering the main street he stopped as if awaiting some welcome, but the street was barren; only a dog sniffed at his heel, who received a pat for his friendliness.

The rain had now begun to join with the wind and beat into the wayfarer's face; he stopped and buttoned his coat tighter about his ears. Then he was off again. After five minutes of painful hobbling he neared the end of the street and peered through the rain to his left. Nestled between two great oaks lay a small hut. On both sides it was covered with trellis work which in turn was covered with ivy and climbing roses. A beautiful garden surrounded the house and to the left he could discern waving corn stalks.

The wayfarer hastily walked up to the door and softly knocked. There was no answer. He rapped a bit harder. A voice spoke from within, "Jean, someone is knocking."

Upon hearing the thin voice, the young man's face took on an anxious look. The voice, two years ago, was much heartier, he thought. However, he was not left to sojourn, for the door was slowly drawn back. Still he could not help from remarking that the door, two years ago, would have opened with more vim.

An old man peered out. He could not see the figure in the darkness immediately.

"Who is it?" piped an aged voice.

"Your son," came in a joyous answer.

They fell in each other's arms, crutch and all, and so they remained for minutes, each clapping the other on the shoulder.

"What has happened?" piped a thin voice from the side room.

"Oh! A Christmas gift has just arrived, Mother," the old man cried, as he watched the stalwart form rush into the sick room with alarming rapidity, for a maimed soldier.

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And yet the villagers wondered why Father Jean put a double offering in the Christmas box and pondered over his laughter and smiles all through the sermon.

PHILIP BECKMAN '17.



Is the Old Spirit Dead?

"Ooooo—rah! rah!!"

Eeeee—rah! rah!!"

AMID the thundering cheers of their student-body, the Lowell huskies dashed from their dressing quarters, sprinted down the field in a long passing rush and then broke up to practice some scrum work. They were an ideal looking bunch of ruggers, such as would please the eye of any coach. All were giants and evidently trained to the minute. Lick-Wilmerding had made them eat dirt the year before, although they won the championship, and they were out today to tie knots in the Tiger's tail and get sweet revenge.

A Lick-Wilmerding player stepped through the door and the eagle eye of "Swede" Hansen caught him.

"All ready, fellows! A big 'Alibabo' when the team takes the field. Start with the siren."

The team tore down the field and the L.-W.-L. "stands" greeted them with a thunderous cheer, but a look of disappointment settled over the face of every "old grad" there. Where were the huskies that the former Tiger teams had boasted of?

A snickering smile crept over the face of the Lowell coach.

"These kids'll get slaughtered today. They oughtn't to let such youngsters play football. It's a man's game. Be careful, and don't hurt them."

Even the Lick-Wilmerding students themselves were a bit surprised at the smallness of their men. They looked fairly good against Commerce; but why compare them with Commerce? They had held their own against the Cogswell team, although sadly outweighed; but against Lowell—, well, a sort of long look settled over their faces as it had over the "old grad's."

The one fond hope that bouyed them up was Coach Art Erb's remark at the rally: "One year I played on the Stanford varsity and we faced just such a situation as you face now. At the rally we were given a fighting chance. We fought and came through that game with a glorious victory. You have the spirit and a fighting chance. Go to it."

Our squad had held their own with every team they had played so far. The students themselves were satisfied with the team, but Captain Le Gal and Erb were not. They didn't only want victories, they wanted massacres. But today they were playing Lowell; they were sure the old fight would show itself. In fact, they were confident their warriors could show Lowell some rugby.

And show them they did. They caught the kick-off neatly and carried the pigskin into Lowell's territory. The spectators opened their eyes wide. Here was speed if there ever was such a thing. The Tigers resembled a drove of rabbits and it took more than one Lowell player to stop the ball in time to prevent a score.

On the twenty-five yard line a scrum was called. Here Lowell showed that the less scrums that were called the better it would be for the Tigers. Without half an effort the Lowell forwards heaved the Lick-Wilmerding scrum backwards. But "Tiny Lynn," the speedy little Tiger half, had the ball before the Lowell half knew it was coming out. Many times afterward, sure scores were prevented by this same trick of Lynn's. In the loose rucks which followed, Lick-Wilmerding showed speedier and more scientific footwork than Lowell, but the forwards found it impossible to make any headway against the smashing attacks of the red and white giants. Once a Lowell player went as far as the full-back. It was a trying moment for the Lick-

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Wilmerding rooters as Ayers had not had much opportunity to demonstrate his tackling ability. But he left no doubt in their minds. The Lowellite, after first feeling if he was all there, dusted himself off and went mumbling back to his place in the line. After several threatening rushes by each team the half ended with a scoreless tie and a great surprise for Lowell. They saw that the game was not going to be the joke they thought it was and learned that a Lick-Wilmerding player is a Tiger whether he is big or small. With this lesson in mind Lowell started the second half.

For thirty minutes the spectators were treated to the greatest exhibition of rugby ever dealt out. The advocate of American football would never again tell you how spectacular the "old game" is if he witnessed that second half. Rugby was played as it should be played. The Tigers tackled like demons and sent the Lowell ruggers hurtling to the grass. Havre and Devereux showed the spectators some great swerving. These two flashes went through the Lowell pack so fast that they made jokes of the Lowell tacklers and were never stopped until at least three Lowell backs had secured holds on them. It was gratifying to see such little men as Minshall and Reich spill the heavy, experienced Lowell backfielders with wonderful flying tackles. Lowell stood head and shoulders above the Tigers in the line outs and almost invariably got their back field going full speed from such positions. But the Lick-Wilmerding tacklers broke up these rushes and the Lowell back field failed to do any damage. Benninger used his speed to great advantage and started numerous dribbling rushes. Captain Le Gal was fighting for all he was worth and urging his men on. In fact, every man who played that day was a star.

Then the catastrophe came. It all happened in a moment and just five minutes before the final whistle sounded. For fifty-five minutes the Tigers had held firm against the crashing attack of the Lowellites. Receiving the ball from a scrum, Lowell's back field got started, and as some Lick-Wilmerding tackler pinned the Lowell man's ankles together and sent him hurling back, he passed to some team-mate and the last man planted the ball in the farthest corner of the field for a try.

The Lowell bleachers went wild, but Lick-Wilmerding was there with a mighty "Alibebo" to show the team that they were still behind them. It was impossible for Lowell to convert the try as the ball was practically on the side line.

Then it was that Lick-Wilmerding tore into Lowell with a vengeance. They remembered Erb's words, they still had a fighting chance. But that one try sharpened Lowell's appetite for victory. Their weight began to show itself to good advantage. They slowly but surely drove their way to the Tiger's five-yard line. The rooters were pulling hard. If Lick-Wilmerding's back field could only get their hands on the—

The final whistle blew. The Lowell bleachers went mad. They had won another championship. All that was needed now was a kick to touch and Lowell would have the game safely tucked away. But they were too near the goal line for that; they had the best of the argument now; why not score another try?

The ball got loose and rolled toward the side lines. A Lick-Wilmerding man made a furious dive and caught it just as it was about to roll out. The scrum crowded about him. Kind of foolish of him not to let it roll out and prevent the disgrace of another score. So the Lowellites thought.

Oh! they caught the drift of it now. The Cogwellites in the bleachers, ever loyal supporters of the Black and Gold when pitted against Lowell, gasped with awe. The "old grads'" eyes popped nearly out of their heads.

Here Lick-Wilmerding, with the score of three to nothing staring them in the face, and the ball on her own five-yard line, tried to turn defeat into victory after the final whistle blew!

Lowell thought they saw the best that the Tigers had. But at this disheartening moment new life seemed to spring into them. They showed

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Lowell how much they feared her. The former playing was a peaceful game of chess compared to that going on now. Feet and fists were flying in all directions. The players kicked at anything round whether it was an opponent's head or just a vision of a football. Lowell was quite willing to kick the ball out now. The Tigers were besting Lowell at her own game, that of pushing, smashing, shoving. They slowly fought the ball back to the ten-yard line. The situation took on a serious aspect for Lowell. Their bleachers quieted down. Only ninety yards of this same tearing, dashing playing were needed to tie the score. Impossible, you say. But nothing was impossible for a team made of the stuff that this bunch of scrappers were. Lowell knew this; it had proved to be the awful truth too often in the past. Hence the ominous silence in their bleachers and the yelling, howling mob of Lick-Wilmerding supporters.

Lowell's forwards were now showing signs of distress. They could not stand the awful pace the Tiger forwards were setting. Forwards and backs alike were piled in a punching, kicking mass of players that were gradually moving toward the center of the field. The Tigers were taking no chances of having the ball roll out to touch now.

Then the Lowellites clinched the game, through no effort of their own, with another try. A certain helplessness overtook the Lowell forwards and to a man they caved in. The ball came rolling slowly to their half back and he, being a fresh man, just in the game, wriggled through the Tiger defenses for another try. The conversion failed as before and the game was over.

The Lowellites staggered to their feet, after a chew out of the sponge, and formed in a small circle and, by the bobbing of their heads, although no sound issued from them, every one knew that they were giving six big ones to the greatest team of scrappers they ever met. The Tigers gave them a weak response for they were exceedingly dejected and downcast over their defeat.

But the rooters themselves took their defeat in a different light. They stayed in the stands and yelled themselves hoarse for fifteen minutes and came over to the school that night and did it again.

At a recent revival rally, held at the school one night, one "old grad" when called upon to speak said, among other things, that his one ambition in life was to lead an "Alibebo" that would push all the windows out of the school. If he had been there the night after this Lowell game he could have heard his ambition fulfilled. The demonstration that Captain Le Gal and the team received distorted the windows so badly that the Scrubs had to go out in the yard and build a bonfire to warm and soften them, and then, with everybody around the fire, "Swede" Hansen, with the services of an assistant, pushed them back in place again with the greatest "Alibebo" ever heard.

Lick has produced teams that have swept everything before them, teams that never knew what defeat was, but the greatest of all teams that the old school ever put out was the fighting aggregation of 1916.

Just as the "old grads" dwell with bubbling enthusiasm upon the teams of their day and tell present students of Lick-Wilmerding how they took the pride out of Lowell, so will we in future years tell the students of the scrappy team that was defeated by Lowell, after such a wonderful display of gameness and fight that won for it a place in the heart of every true sportsman.

JOHN SHALER '18.

Merely a Matter of Lunch

THE Freshmen have already learned that there shall be no eating below the third floor. That is why, when the noon bell announces the lunch hour, all suitcases are consigned to locations least likely to make them a menace to the physical well being of all concerned.

The idea used to be, when Lux was yet in its infancy, if one possessed a suitcase it was to be religiously deposited in an area on the third floor, where somebody would be sure to fall over it. The ever-prevailing virtue of order, however, has resulted in the aforementioned precautions.

The next vital step in Cafeteria procedure is a scramble for a place in the bread-line.

After a hasty glance at the menu posted just outside the Cafeteria, one enthusiastically falls to the end of the line. Fragrant aroma of spicy servings assails one's olfactory nerves, and one has a mental picture of one's lunch revolving vividly in one's mind.

Being a little late, however, having been delayed at a locker by an avalanche of books, one is able to discern far in the distance, a constantly decreasing number of servings of the article of food which is most desired. There are three servings left. Two girls just ahead are served and that leaves one. You hear somebody behind expressing a desire for that last and only serving. If one possesses a good Samaritan spirit, one becomes a martyr to the cause and takes a bowl of soup. One hears the person behind give a sigh. She has probably held her breath all during the aforementioned process. If one is ravenously hungry one will take the last serving, but all the time that one is eating it, one's mind is haunted by memory of the person who was just behind. This is the process of decision. It is not the survival of the fittest.

The elements of poise, mental concentration and the gentle art of persuasion now enter and play important parts in the successful journey to the roof.

Gently one lifts the tray and bears it, even as Hebe bore the classic cup, and having gained sufficient poise, and having enough physical agility, one concentrates mentally, while taking the next but required trip to the roof. If one can persuade oneself to go upstairs without falling or unwisely dropping one's tray, one has mounted twenty-four steps higher in one's pilgrimage through life—to the roof.

Then, if the weather permits, one proceeds to enjoy one's lunch. Enjoying one's lunch consists primarily in the ability to adjust oneself to one's environment, the said environment generally being a striking example of air in rapid motion. The lettuce occasionally serves as a sail for the salad, and one is not a little surprised to glance at her plate and find the morsel under consumption—or shall I say consummation—missing.

It is with great difficulty that one is successful in applying the gentle art of persuasion to one's napkin in the endeavor to keep it within arm's reach, at least until one has finished lunch. After that, all idea of tidiness is resigned to the roof committee, whose chief duty it is to see that no papers are allowed to blow at random.

Their chief duty has developed into seeing that all papers blowing on the roof are gathered up.

The great finale ensues when the tray is returned. Even this requires thought to be properly executed. It necessitates passing in through one door and making one's exit through another. The query naturally is, which door is which, and your common sense decision leads invariably through the wrong door.

Everything is a matter of education, we find, and a Senior, after four years of training in the art of Cafeteria procedure, appreciates the splendid opportunity for mental training and the exercise of concentrated attention.
ALICE KIRBY '17.

How He Made a Cake

"M ADAM, you don't know how to make cake," exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half-cooked dough across the room at the cat. "You never knew how to cook cake. I'd rather eat wet sawdust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made—that was cake!"

"Your mother again—always your mother," retorted Mrs. Smith. "It's a pity she didn't teach you something."

"What do you mean? I'll warrant I'll make a better cake any day than you."

"Why don't you try? You'll find everything in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Why don't you? Your're all talk."

Smith found himself cornered, and felt very uncomfortable, as he had either to surrender unconditionally or make good his boast. He had never made a cake in his life; had no idea how cakes were compounded, but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," his wife proposed.

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and necktie and rolled up his shirt sleeves. They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it in?"

"Oh, you're doing it," was the sweet reply.

"Ah, this will do," he said, taking up a bowl. "Now, bring me some water, some raisins and currants, sugar, ginger, and allspice. There—that will do!" He put them all into the bowl and mixed them with a spoon.

"They don't seem to stick together," he said. "Looks more like thick soup than anything else. Guess I've got too much water."

Smith drained off some of the water, and was about to put the cake into a pan, when his wife said:

"Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh yes—yes—ah, yes—flour—of course!"

Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff he could scarcely knead it.

"Now," he said, "I'll take this cake round to the baker's and have it baked properly." He started off, and when he reached the baker's, said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away and put in its place one of your best plum cakes?"

That night at supper Mrs. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake did not come until supper time.

With great pride Smith took the cake from the boy and said:

"This is my cake—something like cake."

"Here's a note in the paper the cake's wrapped in," said Mrs. Smith. "I'll read it."

"Dear Sir: I am sorry, we are all out of plum cake, so I send you a pound cake. Yours obediently, G. Brown."

BARBARA AMBLER '17.

The Temerity of Tommy

HE DISCOVERED her one afternoon, as she stood in the doorway of the apartment in which they lived. That evening he heard his mother remark that some people had moved into Apartment Six, on the floor above. He carefully refrained from asking any pointed questions about his new neighbors.

"He" was Tommy Sharpe, in his third year at Central High School. There were no girls at Central High. Tommy had always fought shy of girls and felt rather embarrassed when he was forced to speak to one. He had made a point of confining his interest to athletics, for, as he had often told Bob Evans, he knew that girls could talk only about clothes and—well clothes. He'd heard his sister often enough. Girls were so tiresome, anyway. It was in this vein that Tommy used to talk to his chum Bob, but two weeks before Bob had gone over to the enemy. Muriel Stevens' perfect fox-trot was the direct cause of Bob's capitulation. Tommy remarked:

"Bob, when you bit you swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker!" Bob grinned.

"Well, wait until the Junior Dance comes around."

Tommy grunted and said nothing. Bob's surrender had made him think, however. Were girls useful, after all? His thoughts ran ahead to the great day of the Junior Dance, the first big social affair that his class was going to give, and he realized that he knew no girl whom he could ask as a partner. Already the fellows at school had begun to talk of the girls they were going to take. If anyone spoke to Tommy on the subject he merely shrugged his shoulders and grinned, and a sheepish grin it was at that. Finally Tommy resolved to look around, but alas, there were no more lines in sight, so he couldn't bite. Sadly it dawned upon him that he would have to do the fishing.

A few days after the initial encounter, Tommy came bouncing up the steps, three at a time, when he slipped a step and bumped his nose a smart crack on the edge. A merry laugh from above startled him. That girl had evidently started to leave the apartments and his noisy ascent had caused her to pause. Tommy felt himself getting red in the face. This was a fine state of affairs. To think that he, who prided himself on his hurdling, should fall and bump his nose in public, and get laughed at by a girl he didn't even know, was ridiculous.

In spite of the pain his injured nose was causing him he couldn't help noticing that she was pretty. Also classy. There is a slight but subtle difference between these two adjectives. Ask any fellow.

Tommy felt gingerly of his injured organ, and quickly drew his hand away, to find it covered with blood. A nose bleed was nothing new to Tommy, but under the circumstances it provided a new and strange sensation.

The laugh ceased.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I thought—that is, I didn't know you had hurt yourself."

She seemed distressed, and Tommy decided that she must be unusual. This time Tommy laughed and said:

"Well, I guess I got what was coming to me, anyway. Three steps are easy, but four are beyond my elastic limit."

She realized that he was attempting to be funny, and laughed. But what fellow can be witty while holding a handkerchief to a bleeding nose? He began abruptly:

"Guess I'd better bathe my face in cold water."

"Yes, do. I hope it soon stops."

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He entered his apartments and proceeded to patch up his damaged countenance. While acting as his own doctor he mused. Here was a girl to take to the Junior Dance. It was true that he didn't even know her name, but Tommy was not one to worry over insignificant details after he had grasped the main idea. The main idea was to find out whether or not she would go. Tommy felt that his viewpoint had to be changed and he excused his faithlessness to his former principles by telling himself that a fellow must do as the rest did, silly or not.

The next morning Tommy waited until he heard the door of the apartment above him shut, and then he hastily caught up his books and started for school. Luck favored him, for she was just passing his door as he stepped into the hallway. He decided to take the lead.

"Good morning," he managed to say, and then stopped.

She came to his rescue with a cheery, "How do you do?"

He then proceeded to make some remarks about the weather, which he innocently thought original, and she answered him a trifle formally. However, she seemed friendly, and Tommy continued to walk with her until they came to the corner where she took her car. Here Tommy again bid her good morning and left her. He resolved that he would learn all he could from the experience of others, and while at school he fraternized with the boys he had heretofore looked upon as effeminate. That afternoon Tommy found a note book lying on the stairs, and the name June Fathway written in it. He put it into his pocket, resolving to return it to her at the first opportunity. Now he knew her first name.

The next morning he escorted Miss Fathway to her car, and this time he carefully helped her aboard.

The third morning Tommy not only carefully helped her to board the car, but he followed her into the car and paid her fare. He nearly got himself into trouble by offering the conductor two car tickets of the same number.

On the afternoon of the fourth day he surprised both her and himself by calling her June, and when she admitted that she liked to dance, he immediately asked her to go to the Junior Dance with him. Thus he gained his point by one bold stroke. She was pleased and accepted readily. In fact, she accepted a little too readily for Tommy's good. It caused him to mentally raise his own opinion of himself.

Tommy did not know how to dance, but by allowing himself to be mauled around one hour a day, three days a week, for the next six weeks, he managed to get the hang of the thing, as he expressed it, and was able to dance quite well. In addition, June had a Victrola, and he spent an occasional evening there, where they frequently danced together.

The night of the dance finally arrived. Tommy went to call for June and found her ready and looking exceptionally pretty. He felt proud of himself because of his ability to get such a partner.

On arriving at the dance Tommy found that he fared better than he had first expected. Owing to the fact that most of his school-mates were present, and had escorted girls with them, Tommy had no difficulty in filling both his partner's and his own programmes. He observed that many of the fellows knew dozens of girls that they could call by their first names. Tommy resolved to extend his acquaintance in that direction as soon as possible and felt that there was no time like the present. During the course of the evening he managed to get on real friendly terms with several girls that he had never known before. The ease of these successes served to turn his head. He became over-confident with his success and insisted on calling every girl he met by her first name just as soon as he could learn what it was. He felt that he was no longer an amateur, and when Bob rushed up to ask where June was, he replied:

"She's over there in the corner, to your right, with Muriel and Helen, talking to Peggy, Ethel and Ruby!"

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Bob gasped, but before he could say anything Tommy was busily talking to another girl. Tommy's progress certainly was phenomenal.

Some days after the dance he was talking to Bob, and Bob chanced to remark about Tommy's growing indifference for June. Tommy laughed.

"Variety is the spice of life."

"Conceited chump," thought Bob, but he said nothing.

The next affair on Tommy's social calendar was the Senior Ball. It received the name of "ball" out of courtesy. Since the night of the Junior Dance he had visited many of the girls he had met there, and now, instead of worrying about whom he could get to go with him, he began to weigh their respective merits, in order to satisfy himself as to whom he would take. The days went by and the night of the Senior Ball was rapidly approaching and still Tommy had been unable to select a partner.

The Senior Ball was now but one week away and still Tommy had not made his choice. He told himself that June was too formal, but in reality he wanted to show his power of attraction by bringing a different girl. Hazel lived too far away, and he was afraid that he would be obliged to leave the dance before it was over in order to get her home at a reasonable hour. Margaret couldn't dance as well as Hazel, but she lived only a short distance away from Tommy's home. He was in a fine predicament. Finally he decided in favor of Hazel, and forthwith went to the telephone and called a number. After a few customary remarks he asked the pleasure of her company on the desired evening.

"Oh, thank you very much, indeed, but I have promised to go with Charlie Munson."

Tommy felt some of the wind taken out of his sails, but instead of profiting by his experience, he wasted another day in deciding between Margaret and June. Deciding in favor of Margaret, he proceeded to call her up. This time Tommy did not waste much time on preliminaries.

"I called up to ask if you would like to go to the Senior Ball?"

"Yes." He began to congratulate himself. "I am going with George Murray."

Tommy groaned inwardly. Why did he deserve to play in such hard luck? Losing some of his confidence, he hastily rang up June.

"How about the Senior Ball?" he began. Tommy attempted jovial familiarity, but his voice did not ring true.

"Do you mean the Central High Senior's Ball, the one tomorrow night?"

"Er—yes."

"The dance at the Auditorium?" she persisted.

Why, wondered Tommy, did she waste so much time beating around the bush. Her next sentence told him.

"You see, Bob Evans asked me to go to this dance two weeks ago. I wished to be sure that you meant the same dance," she concluded.

Slowly Tommy hung up, sans temerity, audacity and a large amount of his conceit.

LEONARD McELROY '18.

Sweet Leilehua

THE lehua is the floral emblem of Hawaii. Everywhere in the country, anywhere between fifteen hundred and six thousand feet above sea level you may see its scarlet blossoms flashing in the sun. Here it is slender and graceful, a shrub some fifteen feet high, and there it is a tree of a hundred feet, strong and tall. The higher up the trees grow the finer are the blossoms, and there where civilization has not yet come, it seems most at home.

This sweet flower has a lover. It is the olokele, a bright little scarlet bird whose life's happiness is to drink honey from the scarlet flower. These birds bear such a strong resemblance that they can scarcely be distinguished from the blossom.

The following tale of Leilehua and Haknole is a tale of over a hundred years ago. In a way this story reminds us of the lehua, from which Leilehua was named, and its lover the olokele.

Haknole, a young chief, stood on Leahi gazing earnestly seawards, turning his eyes occasionally to the left, in the direction of Koko Head and Makapuu.

The scene laid out before him was very beautiful. Below him lay the glistening white beach of Waikiki, fringed a few yards from the water with dense thickets of hau trees whose short crooked trunks, glossy leaves, and yellow flowers were a welcome relief to the eye from the coral sand. In the blue-green waters which stretched out to the horizon there was only the break of the white reef on which the Pacific waves rolled with thunderous noise. Here and there a fishing boat in which fishers sat could be seen. Leahi, on which the chieftain stood, rose abruptly from the seashore, its lava slopes bare of vegetation save for a few straggling indigo bushes.

The chief was in the very prime of youth. He had upon his head the usual helmet of yellow feathers, on his shoulders a small feather cloak, and the rest of his dress was of dark brown cloth. He had a necklace of shells around his neck and a heavy wooden spear in his hand. It was easy to see by his carriage that he was a warrior.

Haknole was posted on this rocky promontory to warn the people of the approach of the great Kamehameha, who was on his way to conquer Oahu. Already the other islands had fallen under Kamehameha's power, and he had embarked with the veterans of his army to meet his last great rival, Kalanikapule, king of Oahu.

Meanwhile Kalanikapule was not to be caught napping. Messengers had been sent to all parts of the island to warn the warriors of the expected invasion. They had come in great numbers in response to the king's plea. Immediately he had begun to drill and organize them in battle formation. Most carefully had the battle axes and spears been sharpened. In order to give him notice of Kamehameha's appearance, watchmen had been stationed all over the island.

Haknole at his lonely post wished that the enemy would appear so as to terminate the awful suspense. With eyes still turned seaward he flung himself down wearily on the grass in the shade of a dark-foliaged milo. He was deeply in love with a young maiden and during his tiresome watch his thoughts seemed almost continually to dwell on the dark-eyed Leilehua. He could not forget that just as he was about to declare his passion his king had summoned him to stand guard on Leahi. This was a very important lookout, for it commanded the harbor on Oahu. A bloody battle was impending and little did he know whether he would ever see his love again. So his thoughts ran in dismal strain while tediously waiting for Kamehameha's coming.

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Of a sudden the bushes behind him parted and a face peered through, timidly advancing and then retreating amid the leaves. It was a beautiful face with shining soft brown eyes surrounded by thick masses of wavy black hair. This maiden was no other than Leilehua, daughter of the great Kahuna, priest of Lono. It was she among all the fair sex of Oahu that Haknole loved.

When Haknole saw her his face changed to brightness. He was again the strongest and the bravest of the young chiefs. Raising himself and stretching out his eager arms he called to the maiden, but the graceful form vanished, dropping at his feet a wreath of brilliant lehua.

Haknole placed her sweet floral namesake around his neck. Then kneeling, he reverently gave thanks for the gift which told him that his love was returned. Full of ardor he would have followed her but just at this moment he noticed small specks on the broken surface of the horizon.

As the objects drew closer he noticed the surface of the azure sea, reflected hither and thither, the black sides of canoes; the flashing of outriggers, the scarlet and yellow of innumerable feather cloaks and the gleaming bodies of warriors. In advance was the famous double canoe of Kamehameha, the mighty chief, who was destined to make Hawaii a nation.

On they came, nearing the flat beach of Waikiki, where they would make a landing unless Kalanikapule chose to battle with his rival there. Unfortunately he decided to retreat among the cliffs.

Haknole hastened to his post in the army. The gift around his neck with its joyous significance had given him new encouragement and quickly he wended his way to his king's forces.

A great battle soon followed. The king of Oahu with his forces concentrated in the mountains was swiftly overtaken by Kamehameha. When the two armies met a fierce battle resulted. The battle cries and the clashing of armor could be heard for miles. On and on the battle raged, with neither side gaining much advantage. Spears were flying thick and fast in all directions and the toll of death from them was heavy. As the conflict became sharper and thicker Kalanikapule's fighting strength gradually weakened. Step by step he and his warriors were being pushed toward a precipice. Finally, after desperately fighting against Kamehameha's superior trained army, the brave king of Oahu was driven to the very edge of this dreadful drop one thousand feet in depth. Kamehameha now used all of his strategy and made a tremendous assault, in which his warriors drove nearly all of Kalanikapule's army over the cliff, down to the sharp rocks and nooks far below. He had at last realized his ambition of being king of the eight islands.

It was a day of great mourning in Oahu. Everywhere women were wailing for their husbands and fathers, who had been killed by sharp spears or battered to death on the rocks below. Kamehameha would soon open his court and the people were preparing to go with their gifts, according to their custom. The priest of Lono, father of Leilehua, was prominent among these. He had known of Haknole's love, but he had not favored it. With this in mind and also the intention of winning the new king's favor, he prepared his gift and went.

The court of Kamehameha was held in the open air. The royal pavilion consisted of a raised couch shaded with tall stately palms and decorated with sweet smelling vines. The king reclined at his ease. Beside him stood the royal attendants who were kept busy waving their huge feather brushes. Near them sat hula girls, daintily strumming on their ukuleles.

Before the king the gifts, consisting of various foods and many costly dresses, lay in piles.

Finally there came a gift which drew all eyes. They saw the priest leading his daughter Leilehua forward into the presence of the king.

The unhappy maiden unwillingly approached the king, hiding her face in her hands. She stood a moment and then sank to her knees weeping.

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With pleading eyes she gazed into the king's face. Kamehameha, startled at so beauteous a vision, stepped forward to take the hand of the tribute girl.

Suddenly a great shout arose, and there strode to the side of the weeping maid a young man nearly of Kamehameha's height. He was covered with blood from the deep wounds which could be seen all over his body. Around his neck a torn scarlet wreath hung loosely. It was Haknole who had so courageously come before the unhappy maiden. Quickly he whispered a word in Leilehua's ear and then for a moment he stood erect with his eyes turned squarely on Kamehameha. He did not even flinch before the gaze of the king but caught the hand of Leilehua, lifted her up, and bore her in among the people. They were instantly pursued by the king's guards and made prisoners. The king raised his voice and the over-bold youth and the maiden were brought before him to hear their sentence.

Leilehua took off the wreath from her lover's neck, pressed it to her lips, and then looked pleadingly into the king's eyes. In this touching manner she begged and entreated the king to listen to her story, but Kamehameha was not to be moved by pleading. He was about to utter the terrible death sentence when suddenly Leilehua let out a plaintive wail to attract attention. Instantly all eyes were again turned upon her. At once she began to sing in a low sorrowful tone a song which Haknole had composed about her. Leilehua tried this as a last resort, for she had heard of Kamehameha's great love for music. Never before had the king heard such a beautiful voice. Almost overcome with tears he consented to give her a hearing. After listening to her story he became so enraptured with the part that the flower played that he proclaimed it from then on to be the emblem of Hawaii. Haknole and Leilehua were pardoned and a great feast was given in their honor. As years rolled on they came to be among the staunchest supporters of the king.

WILLIAM MUTCH '17.

Tommy and I Fight Indians

PROBABLY there never was a boy yet—a real, genuine boy, I mean—who did not at some period of his life have an intense desire to run away from home and put out for the Far West, there to kill Indians by the dozen, with hardly a pause for refreshments.

For the first ten years of my life my inclinations wavered between a resolve to be a pirate, a circus clown, or a whooping terror of the plains. After grave deliberation I decided to become a whooping terror.

Strange to say, my parents objected. They wanted me to stay at home, go to Sunday School, get elected treasurer of the Missionary Society or pursue some other highly moral vocation of that sort.

But I was resolved. I would fly to the Rocky Mountains, have Indians three times a day and return at the head of the fiercest band of robbers to be obtained.

I confided my cherished project to a bosom lunatic friend of mine named Tommy, who volunteered to go with me and help freeze the Indian's heart with terror. So we began to save our gold for the expedition.

Our first purchase was a razor. When you wound an Indian seriously with a bean-shooter, a razor is a good thing to finish him with. The rest of our equipment included a pistol without a trigger, and two sling-shots.

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One moonlight night we stole away from home, I leaving a tear-stained note for my mother, that consoled her with a promise on my return, of a basket full of scalps and perhaps an army mule.

We stopped at a candy store to buy some jelly-beans. The girl behind the counter laughed at us and Tommy proceeded to go for her scalp. She objected, and boxed Tommy's ears, so we left the store scalpless. Tommy was resolute, however.

"If she had only been an Indian," he exclaimed.

I shuddered at the thought. For, if she had been, the carnage would probably have been awful.

We then boarded a San Mateo car and stood on the front platform eating our candy. Before going very far Tommy had confided our mission to the motorman. He appeared to deeply realize our badness and asked us as a special favor to spare Sitting Bull, as he was a personal friend.

We left the car at San Mateo, and headed south out of town. It was lonely on the road and once I half began to sigh for home and mother.

Presently Tommy said he saw a tiger. He aimed at it with his sling-shot and it dropped. When we went over to it we found it was a cat.

Tommy proposed cooking it and while we were arguing about it a man came along. He wore a very tattered suit and only part of a hat.

"What in blazes are you kids doing?" he asked.

We immediately told him our plans for the future.

"Goin' to be Indian fighters, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, sir," was our prompt reply.

The man took off his coat and squinted horribly.

"Come on," yelled he, "I'm the boldest, badest Indian you ever saw. I'm Pink-eyed Keagen of the San Quinten Tribe. Hand over all you've got or I'll burn you at the stake."

We saw he was in earnest, so we complied.

"Now skip," he cried, and so we did, and never stopped walking until we were back home, where my mother greeted me with a slipper.

No more Indian for me. Pink-eyed Keagen had cured me. Probably he would like to meet a couple of red-skin slayers like us every day.

HELEN GRENINGER '17.

The Flight of the Lestor

THE American destroyer Lestor, on which I was machinist, lay rolling lazily in the sea, her engines just turning over fast enough to give her steerage way. Lining her rail were all the crew who were not on duty. She ran along slowly under the heavy sky, all her lights out except the small one necessary for the pilot to see the compass. The crew peered into the darkness, trying to fathom its depths for the hulls of the great fleet, for which they had been on the lookout for three days. Any of us would have given our arms to know what the darkness was hiding. Every spark of our wireless brought our hearts to our mouths. Every instant, more news of the scout cruiser, Salem, was received. It had been the plan for her to go on ahead and sight the enemy's fleet, then race back until she was near enough to send us the news by wireless, our masts being too short, and the aerial too low for long distance sending. Instead she had run on an uncharted rock and had to limp back to San Francisco on steam from but one set of boilers, and with the forward fire room full of water. We had been sent in her place.

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We were just thinking of going to bed, as it had begun to rain, when there was a great flash. We all rushed across the deck. I ran forward to the wireless room. A groan came from within. I entered. A smoldering mass lay on the table where the instruments had been. The operator lay on the floor. His clothes were scorched and he lay in a stupor. The lightning had burned out the wireless room, coming down the aerial and breaking into a flame in the condenser.

Now all thought of sleep vanished. We were again staring into the blackness of the night. Then thoughts of our homes and dear ones filled our minds. A few had wives and children, while most of us, for we were all young fellows, sweethearts back in California.

Just at daylight we saw a great column of smoke in the west, which disclosed the position of the fleet. Then came a sudden change; our engines throbbed and the spray flew over the boat. Soon, however, the column of smoke sank again beneath the horizon. We saw we were going faster than the oncoming fleet. Our spirits rose. We were tearing along at thirty knots an hour under the power of our three engines. The rain had passed away and the sun rose. The day became hot and oppressive. The sea was as calm as a body of oil in a slump hole of the oil fields. Behind us only were waves, and these because of our onward rush.

"Eight bells." I went below, for it was my turn to take charge of the fire room and center engine.

After attending to the fires, I sat down, and, exhausted as I was, soon fell asleep, being thereby guilty of the most serious crime a man can commit while on watch. I was awakened by the top platform man, who said something was hot. I could smell oil. The current of water in the after journal of the thrust had stopped and the heat had become so intense that both the after journal and thrust were completely burned out. I had to stop the engine. The warranted machinist was down in a second and soon all machinists were below. They started to strip the thrust while I went to the after fire room to get out the spare parts which were kept over the oil tank on the port side. I had to pass over the oil pump. While doing this I remembered I had failed to fix pump No. 2 on the starboard side, as I had been told to do the last watch. While I was getting out the spare thrust, the rope broke, letting the thrust crash down on the oil pump which was feeding the fires. The fires sputtered and went out. Oil jetted from the broken pipes. I jumped down and shut off the supply. The pump was wrecked. Both pumps were now out of order. The after fire room was cut out. There was not enough steam for the wing engines, and they had to be slowed down. Things were going from bad to worse, and it was all my fault. I had had a fine record up to this time, but now, when I was most needed, I had failed. I saw my chance for a warrant fade before my eyes.

We worked like demons. Our speed was now about fifteen knots. At noon the column of smoke was again seen. Our hopes again sank to nothing. The wireless had not been repaired; our fate seemed inevitable.

I was so excited I could not work and was sent out of the engine room. I went on deck and sank into a chair and began to think. Two hundred lives would be lost and all my fault, all my carelessness! My horror grew. We would soon be in range. It was maddening. Every minute I expected the shot—it came at last!

I jumped up with a yell and ran aft. As I passed an officer, I yelled: "It's all over! It's all over!"

He grabbed me by the arm and said: "Yes, it's all over with you, if you don't get down below and clean up before inspection." I looked at him, then over the side. We lay peacefully in San Francisco Bay. I walked back to my chair. The salute to the Admiral had awakened me. I picked up

the magazine I had been reading, threw it overboard and muttered, "Confound these stories of the war of 1920." I then went below to work on the oil pumps as I should.

CHESTER BOWES '18.

"The Flyer's" First Speed Trip

ANY time you wish to go for a boat ride my boats are at your service; don't hesitate to ask; good-bye," called Hall Williams as he jumped into his launch, "The Flyer," and made for the opposite shore. This was addressed to his acquaintance of one week.

He had met her at a dance given by his chum, Craig. The next meeting was on the golf links, and on the way home he had remained for a chat with her on the hotel's veranda.

Alice Norman had been at Long Beach for only two weeks and had already become popular. No one knew who she was except that her name was Alice May Norman, that she could play the piano, dance well, and converse intelligently. Rose Carter had been introduced to her by the hotel manager, and through Rose, Alice met the set. No one cared as long as she was entertaining, except the porch gossipers who always infest summer resorts. They had tried their hardest to learn her life history but had met with little success.

On this afternoon Alice and Hall had been talking about boats. That was enough. If one but mentioned them Hall would willingly talk all night. Ever since he had been a child his hobby had been boats. On his tenth birthday he received a canoe. Again when he graduated from grammar school he was given another canoe. His father gave him a launch when he had finished his high school course. When he had finished law school and was admitted to the bar, for congratulations he received a yacht. Hall told Alice about all his boats. He was especially interested in "The Flyer." This was just a new speed boat and he was proud of it. Alice had said she loved boat riding, and after promising her some rides Hall had taken his leave.

Hall did not hear from her for three days. He was lounging about the club room when he was called to the telephone. It was no other voice than Alice's. She said that she must see him at once, she was so upset. Would he come over to the hotel immediately in his fastest boat? Would he? Of course he would.

Not more than five minutes elapsed until Hall was on the hotel veranda.

"Right here at your service," shouted Hall. "I———," here he stopped—it was the expression on her face. "What's up—have you lost your best friend?"

"Sit down and I will tell you," said Alice. "I just received a telegram from my sister, who is to be married in two weeks. She sent to China for the material for her trousseau. It was to arrive tomorrow on the 'White Wolf,' from Hong Kong. The captain wired her that one of the deck-hands is down with a very high fever. On that account the boat will not be able to land until next Wednesday, of course too late for Miriam to have her costumes completed. Naturally she is all excited. She telegraphed me and asked me to hire a high-speed boat and at nine o'clock, when the boat nears here, to go out beside her and receive the package which would be dropped. The captain and Miriam's fiance are good friends and as a special favor he will do this. It is now eight-twenty and I thought you might do me the favor of taking me

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out to get the materials. You know these waters so well and of course your boat is the best and fastest around. If I do not do it Miriam will never forgive me. As she planned so much on this material I can hardly refuse so small a request. I know she would do the same and even more for me, but I hope no one will have to go chasing the materials for my wedding gown." Here she stopped and leaned back in her chair. She was a picture any artist would paint. How could Hall refuse to do this! Why it was nothing at all!

"I'll do it, of course. This boat hasn't won any trophies yet, but it surely can aid in rescuing a young girl's trousseau. You've never been in this boat. I'll show you what a fine racer she really is. We'll have lots of time; we can have a few dances before we start."

After dancing a while, Hall and Alice set out in "The Flyer" to perform their mission. The bay was as smooth as glass and "The Flyer" went slashing through the water. They saw the lights of the "White Wolf" in the distance. Before long Hall had "The Flyer" beside the large boat. Over the edge came six or seven awkward looking packages which were all tied to a long rope. The rope was lowered into the launch and Hall unfastened the packages. "The Flyer" started homeward.

Alice leaned forward and whispered, "Full speed, Hall, full speed." Away went "The Flyer." Hall heard some one in pursuit. What could it mean? He could hear a faint voice in the distance calling, "Stop or we shoot." Then came the voice of Alice, "Full speed, Hall, full speed; please, oh please, don't stop!"

On went "The Flyer," the other boat in pursuit with pistol shots. Hall put out all of his lights and successfully rounded a point and the other boat went straight on ahead.

About ten or fifteen minutes later "The Flyer" dashed alongside of the pier of the Hotel Virginia.

Alice was grateful and thanked Hall. She invited him to have tea the following afternoon.

The next morning Hall was in the library of the Club. He picked up the morning paper. He read: "Smugglers outwit police again. Last night seven tins of opium were smuggled from the 'White Wolf.' The police think they have a clue to the smuggler in a young girl whom they have been searching for over two years. Last night Alice Norman left the Hotel Virginia without leaving any note of her whereabouts. The description of Alice Norman and the description held by the police are identical———" Here Hall stopped and said: "Well that beats anything I ever heard. I never thought my boat would go so fast; she surely will win the race next Sunday," and afterwards laughed at himself for being deceived so easily.

HOWARD FOX '19.



RESEMBLANCE OF HERTZIAN TO LIGHT AND SOUND WAVES.

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EW PEOPLE have any idea as to how these Hertzian or wireless waves travel through the ether. Constantly, throughout the world, radio messages are being transmitted and received—some from ship to shore and others from continent to continent. We wonder how these electrical waves, which travel at the same velocity as light, travel across the earth.

In the case of sound waves, we know that they are bent and refracted. We all know one may stand around the corner of a building and hear sounds originating in the front. We also know that the voice will echo or reflect back to us in a canyon. What do electrical waves do in similar cases?

There is yet another illustration concerning waves. Are light waves bent? Light waves do not bend to any extent around an opaque substance. They can, however, be reflected and bent through crystals. There are shadows where light waves have been abruptly cut off and there are partial shadows as well. What has this to do with wireless waves?

It has been found that light, heat, and electrical waves are in many cases alike. Electrical waves may be focused just as light waves are, and they can penetrate as the light waves do. Sound waves can bend; Hertzian waves can do likewise.

There are three possible cases in which the electrical waves can be pointed out as varying from the straight path. When a Hertzian wave encounters a hill or building it may do one of three things. The waves may pass through the obstacle, glide over it, or may strike the peak and bend down the other side. It is most probable that the bending takes place.

In one case it was found that a ship could not receive messages while lying under the shelter of a hill, the sending station being on the other side. If the obstacle in the way of the passing wave is a good conductor of electrical energy the wave would glide over the surface of it. In every case the amplitude of the wave is decreased and the shorter the wave the more loss there is. Dense woods are very unfavorable to the transmission of waves, especially if they are in the vicinity of the transmitter or receiver.

In many cases Hertzian waves are distributed over both land and water. Here it is found that the main portion of the wave may be guided by a stretch of sea water, following this rather than a shorter land route.

In the case of ships in the Mediterranean, transmitting to stations in England, it is possible that a portion of the waves reach the English stations by passing entirely over sea instead of taking the shorter route across the Alps. A circular bay may act similar to a concave mirror and refract the wireless waves as the mirror refracts the light waves.

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All of this leads us to believe that the amplitude of the wave received at a given distance from a transmitter depends not merely upon the space traveled over land and sea, but also upon the shape of the coast encountered by the advancing wave.

A very important factor in the transmission of electrical waves is the atmospheric condition. At certain times the atmosphere seems to absorb waves. The atmospheric conditions that affect transmission are humidity, atmospheric pressure, and temperature. It is believed that the rays of sunlight ionize the air to a more or less extent during the day, while at night this ionization disappears and the transmitting range is greatly increased. This accounts for the reason that the daylight range of certain ships is around 200 miles or more, while at night they may be heard two and even three thousand miles away.

Electrical waves of great length are more advantageous in the day time, but at night they have no great increase in their action, while shorter waves have their radius of activity greatly increased at night.

There is still much to be found out about the manner in which these waves travel, also about their character. Work is being done in this line every day at the various universities in the United States and in other countries.

HAROLD NEWNAN, '17.

THE HIGH SPEED POWER UNIT OF AN UP-TO-DATE AUTOMOBILE.

LOOKING back but ten years, we find that the standard motor for an automobile was the L or T head type. Only shortly before, the two-cylinder motor had its supremacy. It was only in 1908 that Alexander Winton brought out the first practical six-cylinder motor for automobile use. The progress made in motor cars has been marvelous.

Until 1915 almost all motors were of the medium speed type, ranging from 1200 to 1600 R. P. M. Except in a very few cases in automobiles, only aeroplane or motorcycle engines developed a speed of more than 2,000 R. P. M.

Constructions in high-speed motors of today are different. The tendency of the foremost manufacturers is to use the V type motor. Its advantages are manifold and obvious. In this type the length of the motor is half that of the former type, both the crank and cam shafts being shorter. Thus the strain on them is not nearly so great, and this means a great reduction of weight. It can also be seen that the crankcase need be only half the length. Imagine the length of an engine bonnet or hood of an automobile that had twelve cylinders beneath it in one line. To look at its crank shaft with twelve off-sets and possibly four or five bearings at least between, would make one feel dizzy. In a twin-six, V type motor, a crank-shaft of a six-cylinder motor is used. The object of all manufacturers is to produce a motor with uniform torque, that is, a motor with the most even pull possible. This is the reason for increasing the number of cylinders for, in a "six" the power impulses join, in the "eight" they overlap, while in a "twelve" the torque is remarkably even.

With this increase in cylinders comes the call for an engine of high speed, and of least possible vibration. Without two conditions, high speed cannot be obtained. These are: highest degree of lightness in all reciprocating and moving parts, and absolute perfect balance. In cutting down weight, it is natural to begin with pistons. When we think of a motor making 2,500 to 3,000 R. P. M. we usually neglect to think that the pistons must come to absolute rest and start up again to terrific speed, 5,000 to 6,000 times per minute. The reason for lightness is obvious. The latest in pistons is to make them of aluminum compositions as syenite or macadamite, or an alumi-

num bronze. All surplus metal is cut away. They have three rings above the wrist pin and one below. The lower half is split to allow for expansion and contraction. Manufacturers acknowledge the best type of connecting rod to be one forged of round steel, tapering to the top, and bored out inside all the way through so that it is really a tapered steel tube. This type of rod is more expensive to make than the "I-beam," but it is superior at high speed.

In some very late motors the flywheels are very small, while one type has none, but a system of balance weights instead. Often the crank-shafts are drilled out hollow in the shaft and pins, and even the webs in some cases.

A construction in motors whose advantages are manifold is what is called the valve-in-head motor. It has been used for many years by some makers, and is gradually being adopted in almost all high-class cars. Its superiority is due to the fact that the full force of the explosion is directly on the piston and does not waste itself in intricate valve chambers.

The V type motor has taken a good hold on the motoring public because of its speed power, less weight and compactness. There are at least ten companies putting out twelve-cylinder cars, and more than three times as many eight-cylinder cars on the market. That the V type motor is not so fast on the track is not true, because we find the twelve-cylinder English Sunbeam and the Packard, a well-known American car, are making some good records on the Sheepshead Bay racing course.

HAROLD HOLTZ '17.

INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS.

SINCE the war began in Europe the price of chemicals has gone up tremendously, some of them reaching prices ten and even twenty times higher than they were in times of peace. In a number of cases the supply became entirely exhausted, aniline dyes being a good example.

In some of our chemical industries the production has now increased to a hitherto undreamed of extent, and this, in itself, demonstrates the resourcefulness and hustling spirit of our chemical engineers. The public should know that this country has as many chemists and as good chemists as any other country, even if it has happened that in the past they have preferred not to specialize in coal-tar dyes, but have given their attention to other important chemical problems which are more in consonance with the special needs of the United States.

Explosives in this war were consumed at such an unexpected rate that even the Germans, who imagined they were armed and prepared for all foreseen contingencies, saw their enormous stock of Chilian nitrate, for making nitric acid, dwindling away like melting snow. Practically all modern war explosives, from smokeless powder to trinitrotoluol, are made from nitric acid. Aside from nitrates, such harmless looking materials as cotton, lard, fat and oil are just as necessary for the manufacture of high explosives. Cotton is used for making nitro-cellulose, which is the base of smokeless powder and other explosive agents. Fats and oils, treated with caustic soda, engender soap and glycerine, and the latter, by reacting upon nitric acid, gives the deadly nitro-glycerine, the very soul of dynamite and other high explosives. But nitric acid is not used alone. In the nitrating process by which explosives are made it is used in conjunction with sulphuric acid. It took German engineers about a year and a half of work, night and day, carried on in feverish haste, before they were ready with installations of sufficient capacity to turn out all the nitric acid required, and it involved the expenditure of about \$100,000,000 for erecting the necessary additional equipment.

One of Germany's greatest assets in the present war was her ability to rapidly transform her coal-tar and aniline dye works into explosive manu-

facturing establishments. The large quantities of toluol which Germany was using in the aniline dye industry were quickly diverted to the manufacture of trinitrotoluol, one of the most powerful high explosives used in the war. There are few products which have such endlessly diversified uses and which are more indispensable in many industries than coal-tar derivatives.

The obvious necessity has been demonstrated by the war that this country should be self-contained so that its various industries should not depend on the good-will or conditions of supply of other countries. In case of a serious war with a first-rate power, this government should commandeer all the necessary manufacturing concerns for the making of explosives. No nitric acid means no explosives, and no explosives mean silent guns, no shrapnel, no mines, no torpedoes, an entirely paralyzed war equipment, in short,—our surrender.

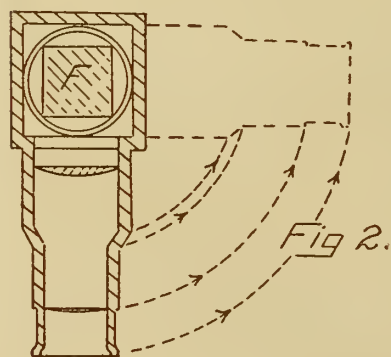
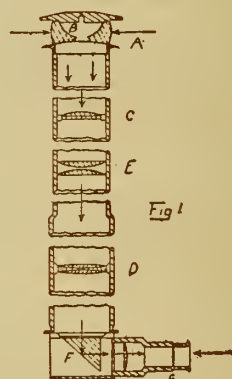
WINFORD JOST '19.

THE PERISCOPE.

THE submarine has, as we all know, proved very successful in the present war. Much of this success is due to an apparatus known as the periscope. Vision under water is limited to a few yards at best, and hence a submarine boat, when submerged, would be as blind as a ship in a dense fog and would have to grope its way along guided only by chart and compass.

Formerly it was possible to see only in one direction at one time with the periscope. Recently a periscope was invented giving a means of looking in all directions at the same time. The following is a brief description of such an instrument:

The mirror lens in Fig. 1 (A), is an annular prism. The prism is a zonal section of a sphere with a central opening and a slightly concave base. The arrows indicate the course of the rays into the lens (A), and their reflection from the surface (B), which is silvered. The tube is provided with two objectives (C and D, Fig. 1), between which a condenser (E), is interposed at the image plane of the lens (C). Prism (F), at the bottom of the tube is used as a means of reflecting the image into the eye-piece. In many periscopes there are two eye-pieces employed. One of the lower power (G), is a Kelner eye-piece, and the other a high-powered Huyghenian eye-piece. The latter is used for inspecting the whole image while the former is used to inspect portions of the image.



The two eye-pieces are mounted in a rectilinear chamber (1), which may be rotated about a prism at the end of the periscope, thus bringing one or the other of the two eye-pieces into use. Fig. 2 shows the high-powered eye-piece in position, while the dotted lines indicate the parts moved about to bring the lower eye-piece into use.

This improved periscope is not only used on board the submarine, but is used in photographing, and land surface work, in which the entire surroundings may be recorded in a single photograph. Its most important work, however, is in spotting the enemy, having proved invaluable when used in this capacity.

CARL HANSEN '17.



SEMINAR NOTES.

OF COURSE all of us went to the rally held at Lick on Saturday, October 26th. But did we all get near enough to see the stunts? Well again, what did everyone think of the Senior pantomime stunt?

The Seminar class at Lux has been taking a course in pantomime, as it were. We all witnessed the result at the rally.

For the past week the class has been practicing the new art. Pantomime is a usual form of entertainment in France and England, but Americans are not generally informed on this subject. Consequently the Seminar class at Lux, composed of Seniors and Juniors, was surprised and interested when Miss Coffin introduced the subject.

For those uninformed, we might briefly state that pantomime is action. One should not speak although the lips may be used if necessary. Properties, except a chair and table, are seldom used, therefore the skill of the actor in portraying his subject is the keynote of successful pantomime.

The attempts were most humorous. It was not an unusual sight for visitors to see the seminar class performing as it were, in the air. Such stunts as preparing vegetables, trying on imaginary hats, proposing to a blushing maiden were composed by the girls themselves. It certainly speaks well for Miss Coffin's drill that the Seniors were able to portray "Cinderella" at the rally so creditably.

We are constantly hearing outsiders ask, "What is Seminar?" To those who do not know, we give the following definition: Seminar is a class organized for original research work or specialized study. Such courses are usually undertaken only in the university, where the work is carried on by advanced students. This idea is carried out at Lux by the Senior and Junior classes, much to their interested delight.

A Seminar class was first formed at Lick for the purpose of special lectures on subjects of particular interest to the students. When Lux was organized the curriculum included a Seminar class.

Seminar at Lux has come to mean special training in speech, reading, debating and parliamentary drill, as well as special lectures on varying subjects of vital interest to outsiders. Many interesting lectures are given by our outside friends who are working for the benefit of girls. In this we may realize what a wide field for women the world holds.

LUX RALLIES.

The only two rallies held at Lux this quarter were the basket ball and Lowell rallies.

On September 20th a rally was held on the Lux roof to promote enthusiasm for coming basket ball interclass games. Each class team vied with

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one another in promoting enthusiasm for the coming games. The Senior class captain is A. Thielmeyer; M. Gardella represents the Junior class, while A. Schraft and M. Hughes represent the Sophomore and Freshmen classes respectively.

Manager M. Steffen and Captain Adams of the school team spoke on appearances at games, and also the good material of the school team. The basket ball tryouts this year hold promise of good, exciting outside games.

A rally was held at Lux on Friday, October 26th, for the purpose of stirring up enthusiasm for the Lowell football game. All of the girls were urged to go to the game. As if they needed urging! Lux was also asked to attend the dinner and rally in the evening. Miss Otto kindly offered to see all the timid ones safely home.

The rally concluded with rousing good cheer and appreciation to the speakers of the day, who were Mr. Knox, Mr. Hansen, Miss Otto, Miss Coffin, and Alice Kirby.

LECTURES.

A most instructive and interesting lecture was given in Seminar on Thursday, November 3rd, by Miss Henry. She described the attractions and interest of library work very fully. As a result most of the girls have changed their ideas of the workers in back of the desks. Most of them fully realize the trouble caused when books are allowed to become overdue. Miss Henry showed that a librarian's life is not one blissful day of light and uninterrupted reading of George Barr McCutcheon's works, or any other light stories. The future of library work in San Francisco opened up a new vista of interesting work. Miss Henry's talk was very interesting, and her offer of assistance in reference work will be gladly accepted.

Landscape architecture as a profession for girls formed the interesting talk of the Seminar period on November 9th. Miss Lucia Fox, from the University of California, gave this very interesting lecture. The girls of Miss Stewart's "Home Class," who are working on their garden plans, were inspired with this interesting talk.

Miss Fox dealt in an intelligible and general way. In general in this profession, one must take up such subjects as forestry, soil chemistry and architecture, as well as drawing, botany and general cultural subjects.

THE MONDAY DANCING CLASS.

Miss Beard has kindly offered her time and patience to the Monday afternoon dancing class. The class is newly organized, and at present is open to Seniors of Lux only. The aim of the organization is to work for technique in esthetic dancing, as planned by the capable instructor. The practice is really a step in preparation for future dancing work, especially the exhibition dancing for a Senior ceremony at commencement time.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRA.

The choral has been practicing Rubenstein's "Angel's Flight," in preparation for the program to be given at a tea for Mrs. John F. Merrill. Mrs. Merrill has become a trustee of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Board.

The orchestra is busily practicing "Romanza," "The Invitation to the Dance," and "Aloha." Regular practice has been held and the sounds issuing from the living-room give promise of coming delights.

CLASS NOTES.

Class activities at Lux have not been particularly important. In fact they may be described as particularly inactive. The basket ball and debating interclasses occupied most of the time.

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Seniors—The Seniors won the interclass basket ball honors and have been awarded their numerals. Those who received numerals were, M. Steffen, M. Adams, H. Greninger, M. Stott, A. Theilmeyer, E. Selk, Y. Lloyd, T. Koldenstrott, A. Kirby, H. Hering, R. Janssen, G. Purcell. The Seniors on the basket ball team are Helen Greninger, Minnie Stephen, Mildred Adams, Marjorie Stott.

Juniors—The Juniors were very successful with their farce and dance. Excitement ran high in the Junior class, therefore. The principals from Lux in the cast of the farce were Francis Black, Stella Galli, and Tessie Riley, who worked earnestly at their parts.

The Juniors who made the school basket ball team are M. Gardella, F. Artigues and A. Dale.

Sophomores—The Sophomores have taken to ice skating with much enthusiasm. Groups of girls from the class have attended both rinks frequently. Those members of the Sophomore class on the basketball team are M. Ryan and A. Swanstrom.

Freshmen—Freshmen have had two teas, the purpose of which was to promote friendship and acquaintance among the pupils and teachers. Miss Woll and Miss Glass presided as hostesses at the functions. Two most pleasant afternoons were enjoyed. Singing, recitations and readings comprised the entertainment.

DEBATING.

Debating is in the foreground at Lux at present. The interclass debates have not finished, as the Freshmen-Junior debate has still to take place. The Junior class is proud of its team, Eris Paul, Marie Merrill and Stella Galli.

The school team was chosen at a tryout held under the auspices of the L.-W.-L. D. S. Helen Gardiner and Leo Gianini made the first team; while Esther Cohn and Gerald Stacey made the second team. Marie Merrill and Chesley Anderson were chosen as alternates. The first team will represent the schools against Berkeley High, and the second team will meet Commercial High. The question, "The City Manager Form of Government," will be the same for both teams, each taking opposite sides.

The Lick, Wilmerding and Lux schools have a promising future in debating. The new league gives greater opportunity to more people. We are all confident of some decisive victories in the near future.

NORMAL COURSE.

How many of us know that the Lux Normal graduate receives a certificate from the State which entitles the holder to teach domestic science in the State of California?

The Normal graduates spend their first year of training in studying foods, cooking, sanitation, chemistry of foods, sewing, millinery, hygiene and educational theory. In the second year the time is spent in practice teaching at public schools and at Lux. They study educational theory and micro-biology as well as other subjects. The third year course consists of assistant teaching at Lux and the grammar schools.

NORMAL ACTIVITIES.

The Normal girls are planning a play, "Between the Soup and the Savory," to be given on December 8th, to celebrate Ellen H. Richards day. Those in the cast are: Cook, Maude Butterworth; Ada, Mary Merritt; Emily, Grace McCubbin; Six Cups of Chocolate—Adeline, Ruth Carson; Marion, Hazel Elander; Dorothy, Lorette Roumiguere; Hester, Blanche Witherell; Beatrice, Florence Cummings; Jeannette, Jean Labory.

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HOSPITALITY.

The Mothers' Club of the Bryant School was entertained recently at Lux by the faculty.

Members of the Dorian Club, of which Mrs. Felt is the president, were the guests of the Normal 1 class. The subject of inexpensive house furnishings was thoroughly discussed.

THE LOWELL RALLY.

On October 28th, Lick-Wilmerding's fifteen met the Lowell team at Ewing field. The game was to decide the football championship of the S. F. A. L.

The rooting was very good and quite a few times when the ball was on our five-yard line, a "Fight 'em tigers," or the famous "Alibebo" was heard, and put new fight into our men. Lowell won 6-0, but L.-W. put up a wonderful fight against the over-confident Lowell huskies. In the evening, to show that we had lots of "pep" and also to show the different high schools that we were good losers, we had a banquet at one of the cafes downtown, where two hundred and seventy students enjoyed themselves. Mr. Heyman, Wynne, and Hansell were called upon to say a few words.

The jolly crowd next went out to school, where a monster indoor and outdoor rally was held. At 8 o'clock "Swede" Hansen opened 'er up with a little bigger alibebo than before, and the evening's festivities were begun.

President Knox addressed the students with a snappy speech. Class President Harrington '17 presented the Student Body with the class pins of the Lick and Wilmerding Senior classes.

The orchestra made its appearance with a lively selection. There was a large number of "grads" present and they got right in and helped out.

The Senior class fellows were represented by a few "baby dolls," under the musical direction of Schmidt, and sure made a hit.

The Lux Sophs had a Dance of the Witches in store for us.

The Senior Girls presented a pantomime of "Cinderella." This little sketch showed us of the talent that '17 possessed.

To show our appreciation of his efforts for the season, "Swede" Hansen led the crowd in "Six Big Ones" for "Wop" Le Gal. For fully five minutes the crowd yelled to such a great extent that the windows rattled. It was all due "Wop," as he more than turned out a team that the school is proud of.

The L.-W. Juniors presented something original when the Garat brothers showed us what a quarter's work, under Miss Glass, will do. A Spanish dialogue was presented to the amusement of the crowd.

Julius Caesar burlesque was next on the program. Here the Lux '18 girls had the spotlight.

This ended the indoor rally, and the crowd moved to the campus where a monster bon-fire was lit under the auspices of our "Scrubs."

Hansen led us in a big China yell. In spite of our defeat, the crowd was a happy one; '17 had a big dragon, while '19 had an electrical display in the New Wilmerding school, but '18, not to be outdone, had an electrical sign in black and gold, and it sure took everyone's eye.

The next feature on the card was dancing, and the Freehand room was the scene of a pleasant little dance. The school was very cleverly decorated.

Although L.-W. lost the football title for the season, anyone around school on the evening of the game would have believed we were "champs," but we are "champs" just the same, win or lose, when it comes to spirit and playing a good, clean, square game. Long live the good old Lick-Wilmerding-Lux, and may you be the scene of many another happy gathering, as of October 28th.

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THE RALLIES.

During the second quarter we have had several most interesting rallies. Of course, football was the main topic for discussion, and the atmosphere of the games pervaded the corridors each time the subject was given an airing.

The first rally of the second quarter was to announce the first league game of the high school football season for L.-W., and our opponent was Polytechnic. Manager Duncan told us of the untiring efforts of a big squad through the entire season, and of our wonderful coach, "Artie" Erb, ex-Stanford star. Captain Le Gal told the fellows that the team that represented L.-W. was a bunch of tigers. "Tiny" Lynn made his debut before the Student Body and made a hit. "Fat" Roth, our 'lil lock, gave us the news that the fellows were "gonna smear dem Poly guys." After a little speech by Mr. Heyman the rally ended.

Before the track meet held in Berkeley on October 14th, a rally was held to ask for support for our cinder path stars. Harrington, our track captain, announced that the following fellows show up at the Ferry for the 8 o'clock boat, as the weight men had to weigh in before 9:30: Wegener, Wank, Greenberg, in the 100-pound class; Davidson, Maas, Rousellot, Martin, Bibo, in the 120-pound class; Carney, J. Garat, Dickson, Reich, and Merrill, in the 130-pound class. In the unlimited were Devereux, Maillot, Maynard, Imhof, Dabel, Carley, Jacobs, Banfield, and Benninger.

Before the Cogswell game, at a rally, Havre, Benninger and McDonald expressed themselves on the team's prospects.

The next rally was before the Lowell game, and with such a rival before us, a good speaker had to be called upon. Phil Gettings informed us of the "cold chops" the fellows got when they got home from practice. Our coach next favored us with a few words. "Art" Erb told us of the fighting chance the fellows had, and told the team to go right after the ball all the time. He emphasized above all, to bring home a well earned and clean-cut victory.

President Knox then told us of the arrangements for a banquet and rally after the game.

Editor Maas and Manager Devereux have, at various times, told the students of the future issues of the LIFE.

The support given Yell Leader Hansen has been excellent in every respect. Keep up the good work, fellows.

THE RADIO CLUB.

The Radio Club has not progressed so rapidly this term. The members seem to have lost interest, due to the fact that there are no instruments in good working condition. The officers still have the "pep" and are working hard on a good sending and receiving set. After these instruments are finished and are in good working order it will no doubt bring back the members.

SENIOR CLASS.

With "Bert" Harrington as president, Landrum as treasurer, and R. Lamoree as secretary, the 1917 class has been launched into its Senior year. So far, several social events have been planned by the class. The Seniors have been well represented on all school teams. In football they had Captain Le Gal, Manager Duncan, Crim, Roth, Devereux, Olney, Holberton, Harrington, Havre, and Maillot. '17 won the track interclass, two divisions in basket ball, and have the best chances for football. Gilbert Spooner has his '17X class working smoothly. The low '17 class has given '17J very good support in all social and athletic events.

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JUNIOR CLASS.

The '18J has started its Junior year under the capable leadership of John Garat as president. He is ably supported by M. Valci, secretary, and G. Nauman, treasurer. On August 26th they gave a picnic and boatride to the '20Js and '19Xs, and it was a great success. In football '18 has a few real stars: Rolph, Minshell, C. Garat, Reich, Ayres, Bowes, and Phil Gettings, on the first squad. In track the Juniors have Carney, Davidson, and J. Garat. It is interesting to note that the only two fellows to win blocks at the S. F. A. L. track meet were '18 class men. 1918 again won the debating interclass. '18X, led by "Ted" Reich, came out well in all they have attempted.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

President Jost has brought the '19Js out considerably this year. He is fortunate to have such a "peppy" Christmas section, led by William Knorp. In football they had Tosi and "Tiny" Lynn, the star halfback, and the find of the season. The Sophs debated the Juniors in the final of the debating interclass.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Terry Holberton '17 was chosen by the faculty to act as president of the Freshman class. John Garat '18, vice-president, and Russell '19 as secretary-treasurer are the rest of the officers. They are preparing the Scrubs for the second school term, when they will take care of themselves. In track '20 had Dickson in the 130-pound class, Banfield and Dabel in the unlimited, and Wegener in the 100-pound class to uphold her. Through the generosity of the '18J class, the scrubs will have three representatives, H. Cagwin, Birmingham and Banfield, at the '18 Play and Dance on November 24th, to see how the affair is managed. The class has selected a plain '20, with a black background as their numerals.

THE JUNIOR PLAY AND DANCE.

On Friday evening, November 24th, the 1918 class gave the annual Junior hop at the Golden Gate Commandery Hall. The dance was preceded by a sketch entitled "The Revolving Wedge," a football romance in one act, which was very cleverly staged by the earnest efforts of Miss Glass. The cast was as follows: Mr. Thomas Martin, Jacinto Sagues; "Bob" Martin, Arden Davidson; Edward Biddle, John Garat; Dr. George Brown, Chesley Anderson; Captain Michael Dolan, Gordon McMahon; Mrs. Martin, Stella Galli; Nell Martin, Frances Black; Norah, Tessie Reilly.

The '18 class kept up a precedent when they gave dance bids to the Student Body and class officers, and started something new by also inviting the fellows who played in the Lowell—Lick-Wilmerding football game on October 28th.

The Manager, Horace Cleveland, deserves a great deal of credit for the manner in which he directed the committee of Helen Hacke, Eris Paul, Theodore Reich, Gerald Nauman, and John Garat, in carrying out a very successful affair.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Board of Control has during the past quarter held many meetings where heated arguments have arisen over the questions put forth. It seems each class is represented by the right man, and good business is carried on. Each class is well protected. President Knox has shown lots of spirit in conducting his meetings.

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The roll call is Holberton, Stolz, Duckel, Schraft, Tosi, Camp, and Imhof. At every meeting they are present, otherwise their class is fined 50 cents. So far no one has been absent.

The budget is working out fine to date and no trouble is anticipated. Football and basket ball are using up the greater part of our "dough." Football is a big expense, but this season the tickets brought \$50, which helped considerably. The new football, basket ball, swimming and track uniforms relieved the treasury a little this term.

By-laws are being accepted at every meeting.

Awarding the second football team German L-W's has been discussed and final action will soon be taken.

Meeting for meeting, the Board has enjoyed a most successful season and in January the new members will find everything in tip-top order.

The Camera Club has been increased by twenty-five members since last year. The hypo has been going fast, showing that there has been a lot of work done. There has been a demand for larger quarters, so we have abandoned the Lick darkrooms and have added the storeroom at Wilmerding to our outfit. We now have a room about 28x18 feet which contains a library, developing and printing rooms. We also have a new enlarging camera, which was purchased only a few weeks after school opened. Miss Boulware has been giving some interesting talks about photography and taking good pictures, from which the members have learned much. We have also taken excursions on Wednesday afternoons on which we have taken some fine specimens. The club made a moonlight excursion to the park to take some moonlight pictures. Miss Boulware has secured a member from the California Camera Club to explain the taking of moonlight pictures. President Britt has worked hard on the new rooms and deserves lots of praise. All the fellows are backing him up wonderfully.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

THE GLEE CLUB.

Prospects for the Glee Club are exceedingly bright. Interesting new selections are being added to the repertoire. "Sylvia," and "The Bees" have made a decided hit with the crowds at the different school functions. The "Merry Miller" is at present being mastered by its members. Miss Denny has worked very hard for the success of this organization, and it is a shame the way she is repaid for her untiring efforts. A few fellows, who support all the other activities, as usual, are the main-stays. A Caruso voice is not necessary. Just come into the German room on Monday and Friday mornings, at 8:20 o'clock of each week and your voice will soon take on the tone of an artist.

We are very fortunate in securing the services of Miss Margaret Stevenson as accompanist, and the members greatly appreciate it.

DEBATING.

The L.-W.-L. Debating Society has made great strides during the second quarter. Several meetings were held and a committee was appointed to look after the play. We were well represented at the recent convention given under the auspices of Humboldt High. The interclass was run off at L.-W., and the '18J class won it again. This makes the third straight win for this class. The society is now a member of the Interscholastic Public Speaking League of California. The Debating League of San Francisco is one of the divisions of that league. We resigned from the Debating League of California.

THE L. W. L. LIFE

On November 17th the L.-W.-L. team debates the Berkeley High team at Lux. The question is: Resolved, That the city managership plan should be adopted by cities with a population of 30,000 or over. Leo Gianini and Helen Gardiner will wear our colors in upholding the affirmative.

On the same night we debate the High School of Commerce on the same question, but this time L.-W.-L. will defend the negative side, and be upheld by Ester Cohn and Gerald Stacey.

All in all, the debating society is in for a very successful season, as at all the meetings large numbers of students were present from both schools.

THE STRING ORCHESTRA.

The string orchestra has made more than good this term. The orchestra includes banjos, banjo-mandolins, piano and drums.

The orchestra played at the dance given at Lick the evening of the football rally. Everyone enjoyed the music and kept their feet going every minute of the evening.

A few weeks ago the orchestra made their debut at one of the leading theatres in the city. After the show the manager complimented the boys and offered them a circuit job, which they intend to take up when vacation comes along.

The members are: Albers, piano; Clervi, banjo-mandolin; Taylor, banjo-uke; Havre, banjo-uke; Newmark, drums; Horstmeyer, drums.

THE BOYS' CHORUS.

President Taylor has shown lots of spirit in keeping this club together, and getting such good turnouts at all its meetings. But a larger number of fellows ought to back it. Mr. Hansell is working hard for the Student Body and his efforts should not go unrewarded. New music is always being added, and in this way no song gets tiresome. The Seniors are practicing for a big stunt and it will most likely surprise everyone.

Mr. Hansell surprised the members one day by producing some popular music, and some harmony was certainly heard which pleased everyone who chanced to hear it.

The club meets every Monday afternoon at 3:10 o'clock, and more members are desired, so make it your business to show up as soon as possible and support the Boys' Chorus.





Editorials

The L.-W.-L. LIFE is published every quarter by the Students of the Lick-Wilmerding and Lux Schools.

Subscriptions—\$1.00 per annum. Single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter November 6, 1915, at the postoffice at San Francisco, California, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Exchange address, The L.-W.-L. LIFE, Sixteenth and Utah Streets, San Francisco, California.

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THE L. W. L. LIFE

"PEACE on earth, good will toward man." We whisper it softly this year, fearing the familiar words may but serve to arouse the feeling of satire. True, we who live under the glorious stars and stripes might take a smug satisfaction in the fact that they still hold a meaning for us. But who can find comfort in contrasting our own uncertain security with the woes of the brother world? Rather let us trust that these war-torn times may result in some great advance, that will mark the period, as the beginning of a broader understanding of good will towards men. The "sad old earth" might be benefited in more ways than one. Who knows what reform may find inspiration in the bitterness and horror of today? Emancipation of women, temperance, universal democracy, all might be the reward of the heroism of those who found death in what to them was duty. At any rate, such thoughts will make possible our own determination to radiate "good will toward man." If our joy is tempered this year through compassion, if our thanksgiving includes a prayer for others, we can still rejoice with the spirit of the holiday season, and shout in our hearts, "Peace on earth, good will toward man."

Has the football season been a success? It has! When Coach Erb gathered his squad together, who could say how the season would turn out? The squad was "light" and in many cases inexperienced, but there was always that old spirit to be counted on. This was one of the main factors which won from Polytechnic, Commerce, Cogswell, and the rest, the right to face Lowell for the championship. We met the "Red and White," and were beaten. Yes, Lowell, who outweighed us nearly fifteen pounds to the man, beat us, but not until after such a fight as is seldom seen outside of the big games of universities. For fifty-five minutes we held them scoreless. For fifty-five minutes the weight, strength and experience of Lowell was held by the old fighting spirit of our ruggers.

But were we defeated? In the score, perhaps, but otherwise, **no**. Did this reverse stop us from out-rooting Lowell, who is twice our size in numbers only? Did this prevent us from showing up that evening, and enjoying one of the biggest banquets ever attempted by the school? Did this keep anyone away from one of the snappiest rallies ever held, that night after the game? Did this kill the "pep" at the rally; were the stunts effected by our defeat; was our bonfire called off; in short, was anything "spoiled"? **No**. Although we received several Lowell delegations, who did not like our arrangements, nothing was effected. The rally seemed more a celebration over the beating Lowell will receive at our hands next year. Has not our second squad defeated Lowell's second team? What does that mean?

The old "pep" never has died out, and never will, so start early, L.-W., and you can't be beaten next year. Now, can you call the season a failure?

We think that Lick-Wilmerding owes some thanks to Lux for the way she supported us in the football season. At every game there was present quite a representation from her, and at the Lowell game, banquet and rally, their co-operation was keenly evident and appreciated. The Lux "stunts" were some of the best on the program, and Lux's help in the decorating could easily be seen in the corridors.

Among the several philanthropic bequests made by the late Horace Davis was a gift of \$10,000 to the California School of Mechanical Arts, "the income to be used in sums of not over two hundred dollars each, as a loan fund for students or for graduates entering college."

THE L. W. L. LIFE

We regret to have to acknowledge the death of Miss Violet Gallaway, who passed away at Larkspur on November 4, 1916. She was a member of the Junior Class at the Lux School, and the memory of her remarkable personality will always live in the hearts of her schoolmates. The deepest sympathy of L.-W.-L. is extended to the home so unfortunately deprived of a great treasure.

Previous to the amalgamation of Lick and Wilmerding, the Lick school had no January entering class, consequently no Christmas finishing class. Students wishing to enter Lick at that season usually went to Wilmerding and then transferred, either losing or gaining six months, as the case warranted. Wilmerding's "X" class held its exercises with the following June class and consequently were dominated by that class. It was an unjust arrangement and one we will be glad to see at an end. Within a few years the Christmas class will be on a footing with the June class, holding its own graduating exercises and activities incident thereto. The five students who represent the "X" class of '16 have suffered the disadvantages of the old regime and are entitled to some extra attention from the school. John Geering, Ira Jacobs, William Camp, Milan Eaton and Clyde Hemenway will at the close of this semester have conscientiously finished their course. In various activities they have done their best, and we heartily wish them all possible success in the future and assure them that the good will of L.-W.-L. goes with them.

Perhaps nothing is needed more at Lick-Wilmerding and Lux than an adequate auditorium. The winter season finds Lux particularly bemoaning this lack. Because of the uncertainty of weather conditions, the roof playground cannot be relied upon. The use of the second floor corridor will meet this need temporarily, as a portable stage has been supplied. Seating facilities could be obtained from the adjoining classrooms and the corridor made to resound with the good cheer of school and class dramatics, pantomimes, debates and so forth. We are glad to take the opportunity to call attention to this fact, and trust that this arrangement may meet the need temporarily.

In harmony with the policy of previous years we have attempted to follow some set motive in each issue of the L.-W.-L. LIFE. This time we have let the season suggest the motive and have tried to make this book a real Christmas issue. By no means is there originality displayed in this choice, but we feel you will agree that in a way it would be an attempt to "paint the lily or perfume the rose" to go further afield for a motive at once so appealing and inspiring.

The severe illness of Miss Mary E. Edwards, teacher of mathematics at Lick, has caused great anxiety to all who came into contact with her exceptional personality. She has long been associated with the faculty and her absence is keenly felt. It is with hopeful confidence that we express our sympathy, and trust she may soon be restored to health and future helpfulness in the fields she filled so ably.

Readers of the daily press have become familiar with the word "un-American" as descriptive of an attitude taken by certain Americans, not entirely honorable or altruistic. That a nation should assume so high a standard is commendable and encouraging, but the only way to convince the skeptical world that it is more than good advertising is to strive for and believe in this standard ourselves.



LUX WORK BASKET.

Drawing.

THE CHRISTMAS spirit is presenting itself in every phase of the work at Lux.

In the Freshmen class the girls are designing Christmas cards. Most of the cards are made with conventional designs in the bright Christmas colors which make very pleasing pictures.

The Sophomores are doing especially splendid work with their boxes and candle shades. They will fill the boxes with candy, which they make in the cooking department; very good and attractive candies are to be the result.

Mrs. Higley has introduced some new work into the Junior class, which the girls have enjoyed. They are applying it to their Christmas work. This new problem is known as the tied and dyed work, also the batik work. The girls first made designs on wood blocks, then applied them to fabrics. In the batik the design is first stamped on the material, then covered with wax, and the material dyed. The dyes are made by the girls. When thoroughly dry the wax is removed. This work is not only interesting but most effective. Much enthusiasm has arisen among the Junior girls in their designing of wooden toys. They hope to distribute them among the children in the hospitals.

The Seniors and second year Normals are deeply absorbed in their house plans. The cost of the house is not to exceed four thousand dollars. The styles of the houses vary widely, including the Spanish, Mission, Colonial, Tudor and the more modern bungalow types, all of which are worked out in careful detail. The girls expect to complete their blue prints by Christmas, so that some time can be devoted to their garden plan.

Sewing.

The hum of the machines in the sewing department is sufficient to convince anyone that the girls are eager to finish their work for the quarter before the vacation period.

In the Freshmen class, the girls are completing their set of undergarments. Johania Gunzberger has commenced work upon her dress. This class has shown remarkable ability and efficiency. Alice Batten, Katherine Antz and Adele Michaelson are also doing very commendable work.

The Sophomores have succeeded in making over dresses in a very attractive style. Evangeline Katsoulis and Mary Barbrick are a little more advanced and are working on their woolen dresses.

A great deal of hand sewing is being done by the Junior class. At present they are designing embroidery patterns and using them for stamping.

The Seniors have completed their practice tailor work. Several of the girls have begun to make heavy coats for winter wear, while others are applying their knowledge of tailoring to a semi-tailored street dress.

THE L. W. L. LIFE

Normal I class is doing excellent work in the drafting and making of white garments. The class visited the California Cotton Mills in Oakland on October 27th. They spent an instructive as well as a pleasant afternoon.

The Normal II girls teach sewing on Wednesday afternoon in the grammar schools. Encouraging reports have been received at school, which clearly shows that the girls enjoy the work.

Cooking.

The savory odors which force their way through the cracks of the cooking laboratory are suggestive of Christmas preparations. The cracking of nuts, seeding of raisins, and browning of turkeys insure all that Lux girls do not lack the knowledge of the preparation of holiday specialties.

The Sophomores, however, are considering cooking from a more economical point of view. Owing to the increase of the cost of bread they have concluded that to make it at home is less expensive. Aside from the bread-making, they have made fancy rolls and cakes, with the success and mastery of pastry chefs.

Millinery.

In most of the classes the girls have concluded their work on hats for street wear, and a few of the girls are making evening hats. Others are devoting their time to Christmas work, consisting of little silk bags, which are so popular this year. The designs are original and effective, especially when the beaded patterns are successfully used.

The Seniors are making towels, bags and lamp shades of every description. They have just concluded their practical work on hats. Several of the girls made hats for the faculty and for friends outside of school.

The bows which were made last quarter served a useful purpose, as they were sent down to Redwood City. The classes there are using the Lux samples as models for their own work.

Out of scraps left by the girls, the Seniors succeeded in making seventeen hats for orphans. The girls are planning to take these hats to the children in the near future. In this way, by using up old scraps and giving up some time, the girls are able to make some poor children very happy, besides giving themselves a lot of satisfaction.

SHOP NOTES.

Pattern Shop.



THE MOST important work just now is a pattern for a 5-inch gas valve and coupling, an outside job involving some nice points in pattern making. The job is being well handled by Landrum and Ramm. An armature for a 10 h. p. motor, requiring five patterns, is now ready for the foundry.

The fast work of '19X in the construction of a knock-down portable stage for Lux is noteworthy. This stage is unique in construction and design; it is made in sections and may be speedily and accurately set up or taken down. '19X has completed sixty-five small drawing outfits, consisting of a 10x12 inch board, a T square, a 30 degree and a 60 degree triangle. Fifty wedge blocks have been made and delivered to the Lux drawing department, and eight special blocks were made for Mr. Tibbetts, to be used in soil analysis.

The forms for the 20-foot launch have been completed, and the final details are now being finished, in preparation for immediate construction.

THE L. W. L. LIFE

Automobile Shop.

All the machinery has been installed and its use waits only on the electrical shop for the installation of the motor. Everybody is busy, nevertheless. At present all hands are engaged in overhauling a 1914 Buick. Other than Benninger and Le Gal, this shop contains the eminent "Fat" Roth, otherwise characterized as "chief wrecker," and who has shown that he can, without question, do more damage than any man in the shop.

Architectural Drawing.

The quality of work being done in this department is worthy of the attention and interest of every student. In no department is there more practical work or more chance for originality and skill, and the results have shown no end of ability and keen forethought.

Every one in the department has had a hand in the very practical work of designing and drawing up plans for an apartment house, containing flats, with stores beneath, to be built on Cole street, of this city, as soon as the specifications are written. Goldstone is designing a garage for the structure. Besides this practical work, however, every student is working on some of his own plans.

Maas is progressing steadily on a very attractive set of plans of a memorial church, finished in classical style and strictly class A in construction.

Clervi has designed a library, working out the Italian Renaissance style of architecture in its detail.

Jacobs is just finishing a drawing of a two-story suburban residence, executed in English Gothic style. Jacobs is planning to design a bungalow of the Southern California type, with the view of actually constructing it later on.

The interior detail and floor plan of a class C hotel have been drawn up by Olney, and by finishing the elevations his work on that building will be complete.

Harrington has been planning a railroad station.

Bepler is working on the drawings for a five-story hotel of the class C type, and expects soon to begin on a class A structure.

Duncan is executing a drawing for a library, and Benninger busies himself on a drawing of an apartment house.

Geering, after completing a class C office building and a class A bank building, has finished his course and is now working with Willis Polk & Co., architects.

Chemistry.

The Juniors have ceased their qualitative analysis experiments and now can analyze "most any rock you can hand 'em," so send in your rocks, fellows! The Junior apprentices number five this year, Harues, Soiland, Cleveland, Shaler, and Mulford. This is the largest class of apprentices for some years.

Prof. J. M. August Rousellot is well advanced in the analysis of fertilizers and will soon leave them on the long list of things he has accomplished.

Prof. J. Clarence Lynn has finished volumetric analysis and is now ready for real commercial work. The far-famed society has had a meeting and is planning for a pin bearing the society's initials!

Brick Shop.

Mr. Rice is well satisfied with the results from his shop. The approaches to the rear court have been finished from both sides of the block. Cement work was done in the Cabinet Shop and furnace room at Wilmerding. Chief of the workers in this department is Trueb. At present the boys are closing up one of the passages inside the new building. They plan soon to begin work on the cement cornice over the main entrance in front of the building.

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Electrical.

The electrical shop materially aided in the big L.-W.-L. rally with its huge and unique dragon and by installing the electric lights on the campus.

The stereopticon is now permanently installed in Mr. Hansell's history room, and in the event of lectures is attended to by Cohn and Koenig.

Green is working on a transformer, and T. Nelson is studying battery connections—both jobs for Mr. Williams.

Koenig is winding a coil for Lux's motor, while Dunne and Cohn are winding their second generator for "Mister" Dixon. Right here it may be said that the electric shop wishes that "Chief" Dixon wouldn't burn out so many generators—at least less often.

Britt is fixing up all the electrical displays now in the shop. In addition to this he insists on blowing out fuses without number!

The Juniors are making enunciators and induction coils, while the Freshmen are learning the theory of electricity.

Cabinet.

The biggest thing in the Cabinet Shop just now is a large kitchen cabinet for Lux, measuring about 5x12 feet. A well executed job has been completed by Barry, comprising a library table and six mahogany chairs. Bosch has completed six dining room chairs and an arm chair of Koa wood. These and other products of this shop, such as cedar chests, writing desks, and tabourets, would be welcome in any home.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are doing preliminary joints and exercises, respectively. The exercises consist of turning on the lathe, lamp-stands, and other small articles.

Mechanical Drawing.

The Juniors are working hard on orthographic projection plates, and their work is progressing nicely, although we note that they are still minus their eye shades.

The Seniors are, as usual, keeping the high standard of good drawing.

Knox is drawing a 2-cylinder, 6 h. p. marine gas engine.

Hathorn is busy with a drawing of a concrete boat and a centrifugal pump.

"Sweet Alice" Young is at work on air compressor No. 2. We here note that "Hermes" Young is assembling the parts for a 6 h. p. motor, and in addition is designing a new dance for Lux.

Landrum is completing a reverse gear and some propellers.

A Unaflo steam engine is being drawn up by G. Nelson.

Paoline is in the drafting room of the Western Pacific at Tiburon.

Maynard is still working on Holme's Diesel engine, and Corwin (P. G.) is busy with graph plates.

Carpenter.

The carpenter shop continues in its good work in the new building. They are fixing the stairs, putting up furring, preparing the walls for plaster, and are always ready for any jobs to be done in their line. Cahill is heading the shop, and the Freshmen are taking not a little interest in the work.

Foundry.

A new gang of Freshmen has been introduced into the foundry and is busy at work solving its difficulties. As yet most of the boys are working on preliminary exercises, although some are molding parts for the steam hoist. Castings for the gas engine will also be ready for machine shops after the first pouring.

THE L. W. L. LIFE

Surveying.

The surveying department is rather sparsely populated this quarter as far as advanced work is concerned, the only "old timers" left being Cahill, Duncan, and Rickey. However, the work has gone on; a new basket ball court was laid out in the new building and a new tennis court laid out back of Lux. Cahill has made a map of some Redwood City property, and Rickey and Duncan have been finishing up old work. Twenty or more students are expecting to take up advanced work next quarter.

First Aid.

Mr. Williams has a very large and efficient first aid cabinet, which has proved more than useful. In case of accidents he has given very efficient first aid, the bulk of his cases being broken legs, arms and noses, burns, cuts and bruises.

Forge.

About forty boys are busy making links and welding up collars. These latter are to be put to practical use in the stairway of the new building. Two gates have been completed and the work is ending with practice in tempering colors, and the working of steel.

Machine.

The Juniors are looking yearningly toward the lathes, and their last obstructions, viz., tap-screws, gauges, and hack saws, are fast being overcome. Some are already on the lathes and are turning out the smaller parts for the Lick pump.

The apprentices are working right along, and have the Lick pump ready for assembly.

Weeks is building a generator housing, and Eaton is working on the larger parts for the steam hoist, assisted by L. Young.

During the quarter a duplex air compressor, a 10 h. p. motor, and a tapping machine for Mr. Tibbetts have been turned out.

Last, but not least, is D. Pira, Alameda's wood merchant, who is now perfecting a circular saw of his own invention. As a rival, he has "Mike" Costello, who has at last manufactured a screw thread.

"Chief" Dixon has an assistant now, so the other day he found time to visit the barber shop. This narrative might be longer, but "Chief" has been so sweet ever since that approach is inexpedient.

Sheet Metal.

A new class of Freshmen has begun sheet metal work, and the main part of the class has completed the preliminary drawing work through triangulations. These are busily working on their various exercises. Many have already outgrown this stage of the work and are helping with the plumbing work in the new building.

Plumbing.

The re-plumbing of the Lux bungalow has been accomplished and the occupant of that building has commented on the first class and thoroughly satisfactory job. Schmidt is heading the installation of the plumbing system in the new building.



THE '16 CLASS.

AT THE University of California from the 1916 Class there are A. Mains, H. Wichstrom, L. Pries, W. Alison, G. Buckley, J. Clark, H. Delius, and O. Schewennicke.

At Stanford University there are Charles Dewing, B. Dehm, Charles McCartney, and R. Lund.

S. Paoline and T. Corwin have returned to school for P. G. courses in Machine Drawing.

S. Klinger and Benninger are also back for P. G. courses.

Sam Casper is an apprentice machinist for the Johnson Steel and Tool Company.

Virgil Anderson is an apprentice machinist for the Pacific Gear & Tool Works.

F. Blote is completing his course in surveying.

Julian Arntz is working for the Union Iron Works.

E. Zecher has secured a position in the office of Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company.

George Nichols is a salesman for the Sterling Furniture Company.

M. Lasky is attending the Affiliated Colleges.

Dick Townley is drafting for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company.

Robert Drady is attending business college.

Charles Bradley is working in the cotton mills back East.

Doug. Woolley is in the moving picture machine business with his cousin.

Doc. Anderson and Bert Wilbrand are chemists for the Pacific Coast Steel Company, and Hanks Assay Office, respectively.

E. Thearle is a general utility man for J. J. Snare Company.

J. Gavin has a fine position with the Chamber of Commerce.

June Alexander, Elizabeth Henzel, and Sophie Kohlmoos are at the University of California.

Florence Winter is attending the San Francisco State Normal School.

Azalia Rivers, Lottie Sisser, and Bertha Stallman are attending business college.

Frances DeVere is taking a nurse's course, and Margaret Stevenson is taking a course in music.

Alice Button, Mignonne Maginnas, Elda Slack, Viola Nordman, and Madeline Evers are at home.

Beatrice Hess is attending the College of the Pacific.

Hannah Katz is married.

Phil Dexter is an oiler aboard one of the foreign steamships.

Scandrett is finishing his automobile course at school.

Alfred Sassus is working for the Palatine Insurance Company.

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Lyle Anderson is a brush watcher for the Pacific Gas & Electric Co.

Jimmy Doherty is taking an apprenticeship in electrical work at the Union Iron Works.

R. Aaron is working at Pacific Gear & Tool Works, but intends to enter Boston Technical School next year.

Eugene Gordon is an electrician for Haller Electric Company on Market street.

Albert Urbais is in the moving picture business.

Irving Eastan is manager of the Modesto Gas & Light Company.

Claire Johnson is working for the Pacific Hardware & Tool Company.

Fat Harker is attending the State University of Nevada.

Ernie Clintsman is completing his course in cabinet making.

Ben. Cottle has a position with the Standard Oil Company.

Swindell is working with a testing engineer in the Humboldt Bank Building.

Roland Midgley is working for the salt works across the bay.

Cowin is drafting for a pump company on Mission street.

Thacher is a pattern maker for the Union Iron Works.

A. Trefz has a position with the Klieber Truck Company.

LeGallee is working for the Acme Garage Company.

"Pop" Banfield has a surveying job in Avon.

W. Holmes is working for his father in San Jose.

THE '15 CLASS.

E

VELYN Mantell, Gertrude McLaughlin, Nellie Roberts, and Lillian Olney are attending the San Francisco State Normal School.

Grace Logie and Jeanette Oswald are attending the University of California.

Hazel Elander is taking a Lux Normal Course.

Winifred Taylor is a dentist's assistant.

Ray Bromley is attending the San Jose State Normal School.

Edna Puckhaber has a business position.

May Dearin is attending business college.

Milicent Street and Marion C. Cary are working at dentists' offices.

Carlos J. Maas is doing secretarial work for Henry E. Bothin, of the Bothin Real Estate Company.

Sidney Colton is "architecturing" for Frederick Meyer.

Paul Scovel is in the trimming department of the Scovel Iron Store. He's some "trimmer."

George Travis has been with the architectural firm of Blakewell-Brown, designers of the City Hall, since leaving school.

"Dick" McLaughlin is working in the Sheet Metal Department for the Gas & Electric Appliance Company.

Melvin Isaacs is a salesman for R. Schwartz Co., a local tobacco firm.

Myron Benzion is now a member of his father's firm, Benzion Salvage Company.

When last heard of, Ezra Albright was in the contracting business with his father at Bishop, Inyo County.

Edward Johnson is employed by the Standard Oil Company.

"Gus" Swanstron, with Chanslor & Lyons, has earned the title of "Champion Tire-Changer of Van Ness Avenue."

A notable feature of the present "Wilson Administration" is the improved post office service. We believe "Bob" Donahue (who is a full-fledged postman, with a uniform and everything) is the man who is responsible for this.

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Sam Faverman says he is "collecting." 'Nuf sed.

We understand that Vernon Nichol is a teacher of cabinet making, mechanical drawing, etc.

Vincent Nicolini is following the electrical "game" with the California Construction Company.

LeRoy Payne (Baron) is with the Western Electric Company, Emeryville.

Hal Chase is riding around in his Ford reading meters in San Mateo for the P. G. & E.

Rousselot is a chemist for the Penelope Powder Company.

Sid de Guerre is in Utah surveying.

P. V. Parker is a mail clerk at the Yosemite.

Flaherty is a chauffeur for a private family.

H. Green has entered Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, New Jersey.

Ed. Johnson is completing his course in law.

Newman Nelson is a machine shop apprentice for the Union Iron Works.

THE L.-W.-L. ALUMNI REVUE.

UNDER able management, with creditable talent well directed, and with excellent acts, the L.-W.-L. Alumni Revue was given by that organization on the evening of Saturday, October 21, 1916. A variety show, and as such a decided success, it was rendered for the greater part by graduates, but also by a few semi-professionals.

The performance opened with a selection from Sam Wallfisch's Orchestra, followed by motion pictures by J. H. Lytgens. The first act, "Jumping at Conclusions, An Act that is Different," was rendered by Miss Carmen Bieber and by Mr. W. L. Thatcher, whose Thespian abilities as Mr. Panmure in the '16 Senior Play were first so ably shown. The number was not a short one and the close attention of the audience was held by these two during the entire time of the number, and was the true tribute to their accomplishments.

Next, Mr. Frank Gilmore won the appreciation of the audience with tunes from that ever-popular instrument, the accordion. With Oriental mysticism the following number of Cahen as Omar Fantomas Caliph, assisted by Faverman as Dhuka Al-Rumi, in their "Marvelous 20th Century Achievement, Thought Transference," amused and puzzled a delighted audience.

The orchestra again rendered a selection, and the next number, the Avalon Quartet of Harmony Lane, featured Leo Feist's latest success, "Sweet Cider Time." The quartet was composed of Russell N. Smith, Victor Bailey, William Gluck, and William Manning.

Then came a surprise. The music, a prelude to the coming act, called forth (presumably) an open protest from one of the audience. The manager came upon the stage and laconically rebuked the interloper by declaring that that act was to go on. The barbaric strains were resumed and Sylvia Yaffe, a tiny dancer, treated the audience to the hula-hula and other dances. Applause called for many repetitions by this dainty little dancer.

The following two numbers were the singing by Al Browne of "Turn Back the Universe and Give Me Yesterday," and another reel of motion pictures.

Ora Iverson presenting Ernest Clinsman and Girls in a "Jubilee of Songs," was the concluding number. The cast, Girls of All Nations, were Hilda von der Mehden as the German Madchen, Hazel Bullerieck as Parisienne, Isabel Lightbody as the Spanish Senorita, Evelyn Mantel as the English Girl, Celene Sheldon as the Irish Colleen, Carmen Bieber as the Japanese Maid, Irene Saywell as the Italian Girl, and Ora Iverson as the Swedish Girl.

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Three numbers were rendered, "I'm Going to Be Neutral," by Ernest Clintsmen and Girls; "Grandfather's Girl," by Celene Sheldon, Hilda von der Mehden, and Ernest Clintsmen, and "Drip, Drip Went the Waterfall," by Evelyn Mantel and Girls.

This number, given by this cortege of pretty and popular graduates, was the perfect result of the untiring effort of the cast under the direction of Miss Ora Iverson. In fact the success of the entire program was assured by the efforts of all those concerned, particular credit being due the manager, Mr. Louis H. Winters. Following the performance the evening was concluded with dancing.

Unfortunately a concluding comment is here necessary. Due to the thoughtless lack of consideration on the part of many of what the work entailed in giving such a performance and particularly in view of the purpose for which the revue was given, the poor attendance is to be deplored. The Alumni relies upon and expects from all three schools whole-hearted support of such an unselfish expenditure of effort as in the case of the revue. The Loan Fund was increased but little. Besides this, lack of support shows a lack of the get-to-gether spirit. The purpose of the Alumni is the opposite of this. It merits the support of every one.

ALUMNI CLUB HOUSE NEARING COMPLETION.

The new Ginn House, which has been rushed toward completion, is nearly ready for occupancy. By January 1st it will be ready to receive its first guests. About twenty boys will be accommodated. Mr. and Mrs. Howland will be in charge. The L.-W.-L. alumni will have its headquarters in the Ginn Home, and accommodations for visiting members will be furnished. All official directors' meetings will be held there. In fact it will be the headquarters of all school interests.

The Alumni held a reunion dance on December 2nd at Puckett's Assembly Hall, 1268 Sutter Street.





This exchange column is maintained not merely for the purpose of letting the schools know that we have received their papers, but also that we may get a wider view of other high school publications. All of our criticisms are offered in a friendly spirit, and we trust they will be accepted in the same way we are glad to accept suggestions through other exchange columns.

The Spectrum, Jefferson High School, Portland, Oregon, November, 1916. Yours is a very fine book. The idea brought out in "The Golden Frying Pan" (that of letting the students finish the story) is a very ingenious one. "Wonders of Oregon Seen" is a very interesting story. We have one criticism to offer. Why not place all of your ads in the back of your book, instead of putting some in front? The result gives a neater paper.

Tokay, Lodi High School, Lodi, 1916 Commencement. This is one of the finest of our exchanges. No fault whatever to find. Each department is wonderfully worked up. Your literary department, which alternates prose and poetry, is especially worthy of praise. The "Trip to the Fair" is very good, and we think that there have been many little Jonathans in outside towns.

The Adjutant, Mount Tamalpias Military Academy, 1916 Commencement issue. All of your departments are well written. An addition of some poems would improve your fine literary department. A few more cartoons would make your paper more attractive. Because of the high standard of your work we are always glad to hear from you. "I Wonder Why" is a story portraying in Miss Myra a character often found.

Sequoia, Sequoia Union High School, Redwood City, 1916 Commencement issue. Your book is fine in every detail, perfect in arrangement, unique and original in selection of cuts, and complete in each department. Your book ranks as one of our best exchanges. Our only suggestion is the addition of some "snapshots around the school," which always add "pep."

Orange & Black, Coalinga Union High School, Coalinga: Though your book is very interesting and each of your departments are well written, there is a feeling of gloom which overcomes the reader. Remove the black borders from your headings and liven your book with cuts of happenings around the school. The black borders make the articles seem like obituaries.

Ye Sotoyoman, Healdsburg High School, Healdsburg: The **Orange & Black** would profit well by seeing your book. The spirit of "pep" prevails throughout.

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El Recuerdo, Huntington Park Union High School, 1916 Commencement issue. A very interesting book. The fact that the printing is done by the students makes it more so. "Your "snapshots" add a great deal to the paper. Our only criticism is that you introduce a little more variety into your cuts.

The Mission, Mission High School, San Francisco. You are indeed fortunate in having writers that allow you to have poetry, prose, English, Spanish and French all in your literary department. Each of your departments is well worked up. The great number of photographs make the paper interesting. However, the addition of some "snapshots around school" would make it even more so.

The Red Man, U. S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., issues of February, May and September, 1916. Yours is by far our most interesting exchange. Your book is always welcome, because it invariably contains something new and engaging. One thing we would suggest, however, is having your students write the majority of the articles instead of printing articles already published.

Napanee, Napa High School, 1916 Commencement issue. Congratulations! You have record-breaking literary and joke departments. Your artist, Ted Swift, deserves considerable credit for his copy of "The End of the Trail," as does A. Davis for his cartoon showing the terrors of Geometry, English, History, and examinations. We are able to appreciate "The Passing of the Jeweled City." Come again!

The Manualite, State Manual Training School, Pittsburg, Kansas. You have a very neat little paper. An addition of a "Table of Contents" and a literary department are our only suggestions. Your athletics, school notes, and joke departments are complete and excellent in every detail, but stories help make the book. Let us hear from you again, **Manualite**.

The Skip, Sutter Creek Union High School, Sutter Creek: You deserve credit for a fine book. The literary department is especially fine. You are fortunate in having writers of English, French, and German stories. The cuts which we find throughout the book add greatly to its quality.

The High School Herald, Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass., September, 1916. Your book is a fine one, and excellently arranged. You should liven up your art staff, and get some new and original cuts. They help considerably to give life to a paper. "How Bill Entered the Secret Service" is a good story, showing how one can succeed, even with great odds against him, if one is determined to advance.

Chanticleer, Dixon Union High School, 1916: Your happy method of mixing up serious articles and light ones, stately photographs and comical cartoons make your paper an excellent example of what high schools can do. "An Ill Wind" is a clever little story, and its author deserves much credit. Your cuts and cartoons are first rate.

The Review, Lowell High School, Lowell, Massachusetts, 1916: "A Sudden Storm on the North Cape" is indeed a prize. Such stories as this we know to be common in your book. Your literary department contains some fine articles, though the department is small. Yours is a case of quality, not quantity, and you do deliver quality.

Sycamore, Modesto High School, 1916 Commencement issue: Yours is a fine book in every respect. Your literary department is excellent. Your artists need no encouragement; your athletic department and organization notes are both complete. Thanks for the praise you gave us in your exchange column.



THE LEAGUE football season is over, and Lowell is again the winner. To win they had to put up their best kind of playing in order to beat one of the hardest fighting teams in the league. As a result of our defeat by Lowell and a tie game with Cogswell, we are tied for second place with that team. As a return game could not be arranged, it was agreed that the tie would stand. The question of second place medals will be settled later.

Circle Block L-W's have been voted out by the Board of Control to the members of the first team. To Coach Erb too much credit cannot be given for the manner in which he handled the squad. His fairness and good fellowship will always be remembered by the team. At the football banquet, in appreciation of his services, a silver loving cup was presented to him by the football squad.

The football team, through the courtesy of Stanford and Santa Clara, saw the big game in a body. To one witnessing that game it was a glorious battle. In the Stanford line-up Lick-Wilmerding was interested in the playing of one man especially, Frank Walker. "Babe" was captain of the Lick team that won the championship in 1913, and his playing in the big game had the same ability to find holes, or to get touch with overhead kicks. He was game despite his injuries, and he gave the best that was in him until he was carried off the field with an injured head. Another man on the Stanford squad was Schwartzenback, substitute breakaway. "Abie" did not get a chance to play, but if he had we are sure he would have given a good account of himself. Down at the farm, Bowes, a front-ranker, is on the second team playing a good game. McCartney was fighting hard to make the Freshmen team and finally made a place in the scrum. "Mac" is a good player when he gets started.

LOWELL 6; LICK-WILMERDING 0.

THE BIG game of the year was against Lowell, on Saturday, October 28th, at Ewing field. After a stubborn and hard-fought game, we were beaten 6 to 0. But the manner in which our team held Lowell will be remembered for a long time.

Lowell entered the game over-confident, expecting an easy victory. Lowell, however, was given a big surprise the minute the game started. The Lowell team outweighed Lick-Wilmerding almost fifteen pounds to the man, but they didn't outclass our tackling. As one spectator put it, "Their tackling was of the Santa Clara variety." Lowell's backfield could not get away for any passing rushes. On

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many occasions our backfield would go through Lowell's backfield for some good runs. Fullback Doe's kicks saved Lowell several times. The playing was about even in the first half, and although we had to fight on our goal line, we prevented them from carrying it over, and forced the play up to their own line when the first half ended with no score.

The second half was fast and furious, and was not altogether cleanly played. Lowell worked the ball to our 25-yard line and started a passing rush that was followed by the forwards; Postelwaithe carried it over. Doe failed to convert. After the kick-off we took the ball down to Lowell's territory but could not score. Towards the end of the game we were on the defensive. A minute after the final whistle was blown, while the ball was still in play, Adams got the ball from a scrum and went over. Doe failed to convert and the championship aspirations of the Lick-Wilmerding team were set aside for another year. Captain Le Gal, Devereux and Minshall showed that they had plenty of fight and were in the play at all times.

The showing of the rooters in the stands was fine. They were there in full force, and out-yelled Lowell every time Hansen called for a yell. It was their support that helped the team to fight their hardest.

COGSWELL, 3; LICK-WILMERDING, 3.

Our game with Cogswell ended in a 3 to 3 tie. The game was played at St. Ignatius field on Saturday, October 21st, and although the field was slippery, the playing was fast and thrilling. The stormy day kept many of the rooters away from the game, but our section of the stand was well filled.

At the start of the game Cogswell was acknowledged to have the best scrum, but a backfield greatly inferior to ours. This supremacy of the Cogswell scrum was in doubt many times, as our forwards put up a great fight against them. In the lineouts, Cogswell would bring in three men after the ball and for a time they generally got it, until our forwards met them halfway. At times both teams would be fighting on their goal lines.

When our backfield got into action there was a succession of quick passes and Devereux and Havre carried the ball for long runs, but Cogswell put up a solid defense.

Toward the end of the first half, Maillot got the ball from the loose and ran about fifteen yards, juggling the ball with both hands, but managed to hold on to it as he crossed the line. Benninger failed to convert from a hard angle.

In the second half there were many attacks upon both goals and several one-yard scrums had the rooters in the air, but there were no scores. Not until about five minutes of play remained did Cogswell score. The try was not converted. It was then agreed that twenty minutes extra time be allowed, and when this time expired the score was still 3 to 3. It was a hard and well-fought, clean game.

FOOTBALL INTERCLASS.

Our game with St. Ignatius was scheduled to be played a week after the Lowell game, but as their team was disbanded they forfeited the game. The team broke training, as this was our last league game, and interclass football was held. The Seniors played the Juniors a 5 to 5 tie, and the Sophomores had the big end of a 5 to 0 game with the Freshmen.

The Senior-Junior game was thought to be an easy one for the Seniors, as they had thirteen first team men playing. They played loosely, however, and at the end of the first half Rolph scored and converted, giving the Juniors five points. In the second half there was plenty of action and hard



AT THE LOWELL GAMES



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playing. Devereux scored for the Seniors. Benninger converted from a difficult angle.

The Freshmen held the Sophs to a scoreless tie in the first half, but the more experienced second-year team scored a try in the last half. There were a number of Sophomores and Freshmen who played on the second team and they were quite prominent. Lynn, first team halfback, and Tosi, sub three-quarters, played good ball for the Sophomores.

THE SECOND TEAM.

A bunch of fellows who deserve a good deal of recognition is the second team. Coming out with the hopes of making the first team, and then being unable to qualify for it, they gave their efforts to make the first team more perfect. They turned out every night and gave the team plenty of opposition. In short line-ups they often made the first team hustle.

Two games were arranged for them, one with the Lowell second team, the other with Commerce. They beat Lowell 5 to 3. It was a close game, as the score indicates, but our forwards were too good for Lowell and had the ball almost all the time. Fine work for the second team.

In the game against Commerce, the backfield had a chance to show off and did well. Stolz and Olney in the forwards, and Koenig and Garat in the backfield did some good work. Stolz made the only try of the game, but Koenig failed to convert.

School honors will be most likely given to these men, as they have been a help to the big team and have two victories to their credit.

THE AWARDING OF CIRCLE L-W's.

AS THE football team finished in second place this year they are to be awarded school honors. The rule by which a three-year member of the football team which finished in second place during this time, gives six men their blocks. These are Crim, Holberton, McDonald, Duncan, Rolph, and Gittings. All have been steady players and well deserve the honor.

The fellows who get their circle L-W's are Havre, Benninger, Roth, Devereux, Corwin, Klinger, Olney, Harrington, Shippey, Maillet, Minshall, Ayres, Bowes, Reich and Lynn. This is the first time in several years that circle L-W's have been given out to second place teams. The manner in which these fellows have practiced, and given up certain privileges in order to be in better condition well entitle them to the school honor.

The second team has always been a help to the first, and probably will receive German L-W's. They are Koenig, T. Nelson, Stolz, C. Garat, McElroy, R. Schlessinger, Schlessinger, Brown, Tosi, Thompson, Foster, Walton, Wegener and Banfield.

The quality of the future teams at this school depends upon these men, and we know that they will do their best to give Lick-Wilmerding the supremacy in football.

TRACK.

THE track team was pretty well broken up by football, but the prospects of a successful showing in the S. F. A. L. were great. This meet was held on California's field, on Saturday, October 14th. This meet was a big disappointment. The scheduled time for starting the weight events was at 10:30, and the unlimited class at 1 o'clock, but instead, both divisions were run off together. Many of the unlimited men did not show up until a few hours later and were unable to get into the competition. Jacobs, Maynard, Duncan, Maillot and Bowes were unable to compete, and we lost about

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27 points. Jacobs, in an exhibition throw, threw the discus 106 feet, breaking his record of 102 feet, and the winning throw by 7 feet.

In the Junior meet, we took third place. Many of the men were overweight and lost their chances to compete. Between these men thirty points were made.

Wank, in the 100-pound 50-yard dash, took fourth place. He was the only man in that class to make the weight.

In the 120-pound class, Martin took second place in the 75-yard dash. Davidson ran well in the 300-yard dash, making first place. He also won second place in the high jump. The relay finished second with Martin, Maas, Bibo and Davidson.

The 130-pound 440 was taken care of by Dixon, who finished fourth. Dixon also finished fourth in the high jump. Reich placed fourth in the 100-yard dash. Carney won the shot put. The relay team tried their best to retain the cup won last year, but were beaten by Commerce and Lowell.

The unlimited class could not gather in more than $13\frac{1}{2}$ points. Banfield and Tosi took fourth in the 220 and 440-yard dashes, respectively. Harrington took second in the mile, and fourth in the half mile. The relay team was beaten by Lowell and Mission. Imhof tied for fourth in the pole vault, while Dabel jumped into second place in the high jump. Devereux added to the score by taking third in the broad jump.

We will lose but one member of the team this year. Jacobs has been a consistent scorer and his points will be missed, but the number of men who did well in this meet are going to strive harder next spring.

BASEBALL.

ABOUT the biggest attraction of the coming year will be baseball. We had a good team last year and propose to have a better one this year. Charlie Garat will captain the team and a more "peppery" and harder fighting leader could not be desired. He will again take charge of the catching department and will show what a real high school catcher is. Unless another pitcher of Goldstone's ability is discovered, Goldie will take care of the pitching, and will not try for the infield. As last year's first baseman did not return, there will be a lively contest for that position, and for every position. The Freshmen, having done so well in all the other activities, they are looked upon to furnish some future big-leaguers.

Baseballs are already being taped, and, naturally, bouncing up against the windows of the engine room, while others are being lost in the intricate mass of coreboxes. All this is to say that practice has already started in the yard.

A manager will soon be elected, and then organized activity will start. The interclass will probably be held first, so that no stars will remain undiscovered. There will be plenty of practice games before the beginning of the league season. A coach may be procured, but if not, Artie Wynne, a star at Lick six years ago, will give us all the knowledge he gained at Stanford and on club teams. Jackson Park will be used as the training grounds as much as possible. The fellows of last year now at school are: C. Garat, catcher; H. Goldstone, pitcher; B. Harrington, second base; J. Garat, shortstop; E. Maillot, third base; A. Davidson, M. Carley, J. Langhorne, and L. Young, outfielders.

Get out for the team, fellows, and beat these fellows out for their positions. It can be done.

STANFORD FRESHMEN OUTSWIM OUR TEAM.

On Friday, October 27th, the swimming team met the Stanford Freshmen in a dual meet, losing by the score of 54 to 23. The out-door tank had an effect upon our swimmers. Stanford took all first places, but they had to do some fast swimming. Our successful "water dogs" were: Young, third in the 50 and 100-yard; Mitchell, second in the 220 and 50-yard back stroke; Tait, third in the 220 and 440; Nauman, second in the 100-yard breast stroke; Holz, third in the breast stroke, and second in the 440; Carley, third in the back stroke; Patterson and Warwick took second and third in the fancy dive, and Holtz and Mitchell tied for fourth in the long-distance plunge. The relay team finished second.

The swimming team will have the same members and several new ones next year who are banking upon making a hard fight for the C. I. F. meet in the spring.

BASKETBALL.

BASKETBALL is well started and teams are practicing regularly. Another court has been fitted up in the "new building," giving the candidates for the teams plenty of room. Interclass games have been played and also a few practice games.

The interclass brought out many good players who have not been out for the teams in the past. The unlimited division was won by the Seniors, after a hard tussle. In the preliminary round, Seniors defeated the Sophs, and Juniors defeated Freshmen by default. The final game was not decided until the last few minutes, when a field goal gave '17, 25 points to '18s 23.

The 130-pound class furnished some good, snappy playing when the Freshmen defeated the Juniors. The Sophs forfeited their game to the Seniors. The Seniors were unable to get the ball past Dixon, the clever Freshman guard, and were on the short end of a 15 to 7 score.

A team that gives promise of making a good record is the 120-pound. They displayed a great deal of fast work in the interclass. The Juniors defeated the Freshmen, and the Seniors eliminated the Sophs. The Seniors then had an easy game with the third-year team.

The little fellows, not to be outdone by the larger players, furnished some exciting games. The Freshmen beat the Juniors, and as there was no Senior team, they played and beat the Sophs.

Interest in basket ball is high, as shown by the twenty-three Senior men playing in the unlimited game. The winning of the 130 and 100-pound classes by the Freshmen with their good showing in the other classes is the result of their training twice a week.

There were a large number of last year's players in these games, and they will try to hold their places against the new men. There is no coach for basket ball, but Mr. Wendering has been giving ideas to the players and has acted as referee at all the interclass games.

Captains have been elected for each team. In the 100-pound team, a little fellow who fought hard and played well last year has been chosen. Dickenson will be the leader of his team and will try to outdo the other school teams.

A fellow who has been forward on the 120-pound team for two years is Artie Davidson. He has been a steady player and a good point getter. Through this good work he has been selected as captain.

"Red" Carney, the scrappy guard for the 130-pound team, will lead the team this year. "Red" certainly covered ground in every game last year. His aggressiveness and ability to keep other teams from scoring won for him the right to be captain.

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The unlimited team figures to gain a reputation this year, and will do so with Robertson setting the pace. "Robbie" was forward last year, taking care of everything that came his way. His good work about the basket made him a good point scorer.

ICE HOCKEY.

The establishing of several ice rinks in this city has led to a new sport in the West. This game is ice hockey, and it is some game. It has been introduced into the high schools by Mr. Percival, connected with the "Winter Garden." His interest in the game and his clear conception of the method of playing, won over certain school heads who objected to the game. It was proposed to start with five teams, Commerce, Poly, Lowell, St. Ignatius and our school. Corwin and Pomeroy started the idea at school and soon had a list of good skaters who wished to play. Of these, Meyer, Minshall, Cleveland, Glover, Hillman, Ritchei, Scovel, Thompson, Fourtane and Tait have started practice, but this is by no means the picked team and there will be some changes.

Ice hockey is a fast, slashing game and requires speed, teamwork and nerve. The latter comes naturally to Lick-Wilmerding players. If a league is formed let us hope that a few more trophies will be added to the cup case.

TENNIS.

Tennis players are beginning to make themselves known about the courts. It has not been well supported in the last few years, but is being revived this year. The courts near Lux are rapidly nearing completion and will, no doubt, always be occupied. There are two, the plans having been drawn at Lick. At the present time an interclass is being held. Due to scarcity of courts it has been a long one and has not reached the stage of semi-finals. These matches are being played either at Jackson Park or Golden Gate Park. There were about thirty entries in this tournament.

We entered teams in last year's S. F. A. L., and also in the C. I. F., but did not do well in either tournament. It is likely that a few unknowns will be found in the interclass who will put our school among the tennis leaders.

LUX ATHLETICS.

THE INTERCLASS basket ball games were well supported this year with the usual enthusiasm on the part of the "rooters" and the good playing on the part of the teams. Every game was exciting and close, and showed the earnest practice that had put the teams into trim. The Seniors finally succeeded in carrying off the honors of the season after hard work. They won their numerals again this year. This makes four sets of '17s for some of the Senior girls.

Records of the games and their outcome were kept in the score book. From these, Captain Adams and Manager Steffen, and with the assistance and good judgment of Miss Beard, the big team was picked.

FIRST TEAM.

Forwards—Mildred Adams, Helen Greninger, Alice Swanstrom.
Centers—Minerva Steffen, Agnes Dale, Francine Artigues.
Guards—Mabel Gardella, Marion Ryan, Marjorie Stott.

SECOND TEAM.

Forwards—Annetta Schraft, Gertrude Fitzgerald, Dorothy Mark.
Centers—Cybel Campbell, Edna Grundy, Adelia Thielmeyer.

With these capable girls to represent Lux, three games have been scheduled before Christmas. Polytechnic, Commercial, and Alameda have been

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challenged. A game will also be played with Lowell. The team is a fighting one and they expect to bring home to Lux as many honors as last year's team.

The details of the interclass games were very interesting and show the superiority of the champions. The results were satisfactory to most of the girls, as each one knows the victory was gained by the best players. The first game was on September 20, 1916, when the Freshmen met the Sophomores. The Sophomores were able to beat the Freshmen with a score of 34 to 6. This high score was due to the good playing of Annette Schraft, the swift forward. The Freshmen played well considering it was their first game.

On the same afternoon the Senior-Junior interclass came off, with the Seniors victorious. The score was 25 to 14, which shows that the hard training of the Seniors had been profitable. The success of the Seniors was due to the clever playing of the centers and the forwards.

The next interclass game was between the Sophomores and Juniors. Due to the splendid playing of Mabel Gardella, the Juniors finished up with a score of 11 to 4. The teams were evenly matched and the game proved very exciting for the spectators.

The Senior-Freshman game was a fast but not very exciting one. The Senior team was far superior to the Freshman team, as the score of 35 to 0 indicates. However, the Seniors are proud of Mildred Adams, who did the star playing of the day.

The Junior-Freshmen and the Sophomore-Senior games were played during the next week. As they were the last of the series, they were well attended. The Juniors ran up a score of 25 to 14, while the Seniors finished the day by a score of 27 to 13.

The results of these interclass games brought the championship to our Senior team, all of whom received numerals. The champion team line-up is as follows:

Forwards—Mildred Adams, Helen Greninger, Alice Kirby.

Centers—Minne Steffen, Ruth Janssen, Thelma Koldenstrodt.

Guards—Marjorie Stott, Hilda Hering, Adelia Theilmeyer.

Substitutes—Gladys Purcell, Edna Selk, Yvonne Lloyd.

The interclass games brought to light some fine material for the team. Practice for the big team started immediately. A try-out game was played in which the two representative teams were chosen. The girls of Lux should be proud of the girls on the team who are sure to bring back victory in every game.

GYMNASIUM.

ALL THE gymnasium classes have started practice on the dances for exhibition. The Juniors have been working on a spirited Russian dance which will excel the Russian dances of last year. The Sophomores are at present working hard on a dance for the reception of Mrs. John F. Merrill, who is to become a member of the Lux Board of Trustees. The Freshmen are practicing a very pretty and lively Irish dance, while the Seniors are working on a Spanish dance.

Each class has "gym" twice a week. One day is devoted to dancing practice, the other is given up to exercises and games. Each class has had practice in using the fire escape from the roof. The girls felt very panicky at first, but Miss Beard and the fire inspector have reassured them as to the safety of the ladders. In case of fire the girls would all be able to use the fire escape in a manner creditable to Lux.



Heard at Banquet.

- 1.—"How's the soup?"
- 2.—"Oh, pretty good."
- 3.—"It sounds good."

"Fat" Spreen—"I've decided to sell my car."
"Slim" Kennitzer—"Something broke?"
"Fat" Spreen—"No, somebody."

Davidson—"This match won't light!"
C. Garat—"That's funny. It lit all right a minute ago."

Johnny Garat—"I gave her a gold box of rouge for Christmas."
Cleveland—"Gee, that was a pretty flossy present, wasn't it?"
Johnny—"Yes, but I got the rouge all back when she thanked me for it."

At the Junior-Freshman Picnic.

First Scrub to Seasick Junior—"You evidently have a weak stomach."
Seasick Junior—"Not so you could notice it. I'm throwing my lunch as far as anybody."

Heard in Ill Trig.

Nauman—"Can't we put S. A. S. after our statements as the proof?"
M. A. P.—"Yes, but I may take it for S. O. S."

M. A. P.—"As soon as you come into the room, sit down. That's a standing rule."

Bowes—"Aren't your pants short?"
E. Brown—"No; it's just because the floor doesn't come up higher."

Soph—"Take off your hat!"
Scrub—"There's only one person in this school that can say that to me and get away with it!"
Soph—"Yeh? Who?"
Scrub—"You!" (and he took off his hat).

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THE ADVENTURES OF ALGERNON SPIFF.

In 4 Rampages.

(Cast in Barney's Shop)

(All Rights Preserved)

First Rampage.

Asphalt curtain rises, accompanied by orchestra.

Scene—Daring, as trees stand in background with bare limbs. Enter from L, a devil by the name of Algernon Spiff. Business of looking worried, and at watch.

Algy.—"Billiard tables and baby-rattles! Will she never come?"

Voice from Wings—"By the contemporaries of Will-Shak-a-spear, thou art doomed to a sad fate!"

Algy, fussed, backs into and knocks down the curtain.

Second Convulsion.

Street scene. Algy discovered in front of tall edifice, leaning against wall. Enter Dora.

Dora—"I see you're backed by a bank!"

Algy, looking around, sees he has been leaning against the First and Last Bank of Alameda. Gets excited and notices that even the street is flushed.

Curtain, seeing all is lost, lets go and stumbles.

Third Rampage.

Scene laid in Girls' Seminary. All that can be seen is the elevator doors. Enter Dora; business of pressing button. Loud grinding of brakes as elevator comes to a stop. Through open door, Algy is seen surrounded by girls. He is at the helm.

Dora—"Why, I thought you were working?"

Algy—"So I am."

Dora—"Doing what?"

Algy—"Raising chickens! Going up?"

Business of elevator rising and curtain falling.

Fourth and Last Fit.

Scene. All is dark. Wierd lights play upon stage. Ghostlike rattle heard from wings, accompanied by sotto voice: "Come on, you seven! Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

Enter Algernon, dressed to kill, looking lost.

Algy—"By my boutonniere, I'll get her yet!"

Enter from nowhere in particular, Dora.

Algy—"Ah! At last we meet." Both answer call to arms.

Curtain, surprised, drops, assisted by rain of applause (said rain composed of domestic and truck garden products).

Exit march, "Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't."

Giannini—Wilson will get 13 electoral votes from California.

Duckel (innocently)—How many electrical volts will Hughes get?

Senior Physics.

Miss Dresser—Why does a mirror make a room look longer?

Marion Robinson—Because you can see Father in it.

"Sad Case."

"Swede" Hansen (while making garlands to decorate the hall)—"Hilda, I'm going to get some string to bind this with."

Hilda Meilie—"Alright, but please don't go far."

THE L. W. L. LIFE

L.-W.-L. CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted.

Recommendations to college.—H. Havre.

A home in Larkspur.—J. Garat.

Position as president of some corporation. Have had plenty of experience.—Knox.

Lost.

Lost—The interclass track, basket ball, tennis, and swimming meets.—1919.

A few members of our class, around the end of the first quarter.—1920.

Lost—Block L.-W.s—The Team.

Found.

That III Algebra is not easy.—"Red" Gettings.

That the old "pep" is still with us.—Hansen.

For Sale.

Everything, including paper used on only one side.—Students' Exchange.

Extra copies of the LIFE.—Manager.

Some extra parts of autos, left over after repairing machines.—Werder.

When Algebra Did the Trick.

Lux Dame—I think Algebra is awfully difficult.

Lick Swain—Why, what seems to be the trouble?

L. D.—Well, I don't understand this equation: $U + V = 2$.

L. S.—Can't you simplify it this way: $U + \text{me} = 1$?

L. D.—Yes, we can.

No Funny Business.

"Flunked in Phys., flunked in Chem."

They softly heard her hiss,

"I'd like to find the guy that said,

That 'ignorance is bliss.'"

Sanitary Bread.

Miss Mize—"Why, Eleanor, why are you kneading that bread without first washing your hands?"

Eleanor—"Why, I didn't think it made any difference, it's brown bread, you see."

THREE RULES FOR ALL SCRUBS.

1. Upon nearing a corner in the precincts of the school, for fear you might come upon a mighty and noble Senior unawares, the scrub must stop at least a half block away, fire a pistol, toot a horn, yell, ring a bell, and send up two bombs at three-minute intervals.

2. All scrubs running autos at night must, for fear of meeting some Upper Classman, send up a red rocket every block and then wait five minutes for the road to clear. They then may proceed slowly, blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

3. No scrub must recognize in any way, manner or form, a Lux girl. If any scrub has any business to transact, he must do it under the surveillance of an Upper Classman. If this rule is violated, the mighty Sophs will be made aware of it by the blast of the Exposition siren, and the offender will be well tubbed.



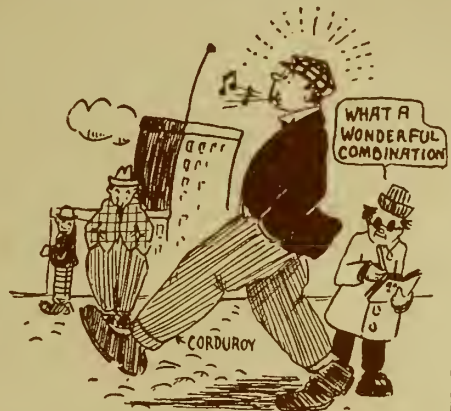
PREPAREDNESS IN THE YARD, THE EVENING BEFORE THE LOWELL GAME.

I WONDER IF THIS SANDWICH WEIGHS FOUR OUNCES?

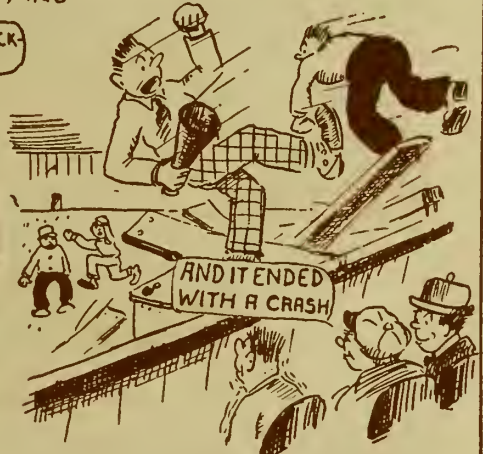
I'LL BE EATIN' CRACKERS AND WATER SOON.



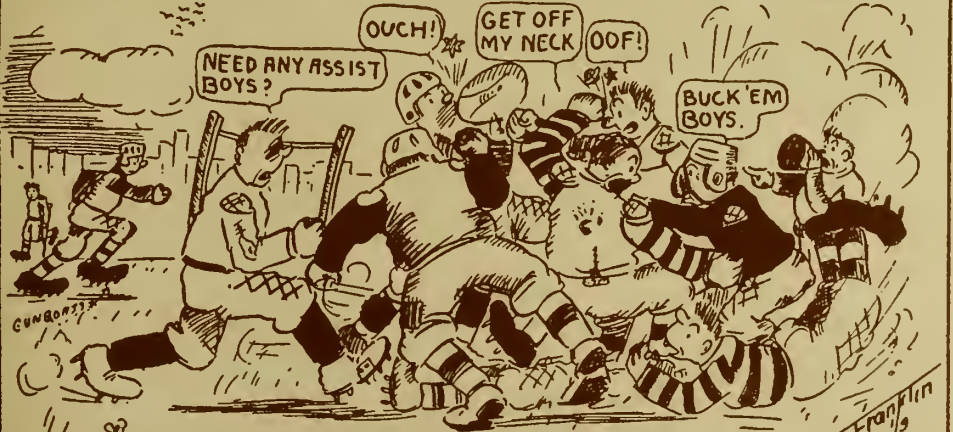
IF BREAD KEEPS GOING UP, THERE'S GONA BE SOME HOLLER.



THE SENIORS' CORDUROY'S ARE MAKING A BIG HIT.



THE YELL LEADERS TRIED SOME OF ART SMITH'S TRICKS AT THE LOWELL GAME.



AMERICAN FOOTBALL IS IN FULL SWING NOW

P. Franklin

THE L. W. L. LIFE

Question in Senior Physics.

"Are your results as accurate as they should be?"

Answer—"The errors of my experiment were found to be very accurate."

Retired.

Miss Dresser—"Now, let us run through this lesson."

Yvonne Lloyd—"O, Miss Dresser, let's walk; I'm tired."

Senior—"I'll give you one thousand mills."

Junior—"What kind of mills, paper mills?"

Soph—"No, come on home, she never saw mills."

That Poultry Farm.

Miss Beard—"Foul on Ruth Moring."

Brilliant One—"Here chick, chick, chick."

New Occupation.

First Soph—"Miss Dresser, is this solution alkali or acid?"

Miss Dresser—"Really girls, you must all find out for yourselves."

Second Soph (audible whisper)—"What does she think we are, anyway?"

First Soph—"Litmus paper."

Miss Wohl—"Before we leave the subject of heat, can anyone tell me which travels faster, heat or cold?"

Brenda Roberts—"Heat, of course, anyone can catch cold."

In Home.

Miss Stewart—"What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?"

Junior—"The multiplication table."

So Clever.

Miss Woll—"Can you name a liquid that won't freeze?"

Ruth Waring—"Hot water."

Too Bad!

B. Roberts—"I strained my eyes the other day."

G. Clayburgh—"How so?"

B. Roberts—"I looked through a sieve."

Also Dog.

'18—"What is a ground hog?"

'19—"Sausage, I suppose."

Good For It.

Wilmerding "Chap"—"I was reading some statistics the other day and they said every time I breathe some one dies."

Fresh Scrub—"Gosh, why don't you use Spearmint?"

Glee Club Music?

Voice of Pupil in English (who is listening to awful racket)—"Gee, I wish some one would open the window and let them get the right air."

THE L. W. L. LIFE

Why Not Parcel Post?

B. Robarts (in History)—"I know the answer, but I can't express it."
E. Propfe—"Send it by freight."

Plant v. Animal Life.

Miss Dresser—"To what specie does that tree belong?"
Katherine Gressler—"That's a dog-wood tree; you can tell by its bark."

No Argument; You Win.

What pleasure in "Life," think you I can find,
When I've to work nights and think till I'm blind
To make up some anecdote, story or such,
That never is printed, I don't wonder much.
If I've much more trouble with the L.-W.-L. LIFE,
My life will be shortened and I'll give up the strife.

Some Stroll.

Tisne—"Get off my feet!"
Beckman—"Is it much of a walk?"

Going Down.

Carney—"Is ice skating elevating?"
Pomeroy—"No; extremely lowering."

A COMPOSITION WRITTEN BY A 7-YEAR-OLD. My Wish.

I wish I were a lion. I could boss all the other animals. I would be the king of the animals. My friend would be the dog. My home would be in the woods. I would see all the big pine trees. I would dig the ground up and get the worms and eat them. I would walk around. I would have lots of fun.

You Know It.

Tait—"Ever have any money left you?"
Warwick—"Yeh, and it left me quick."

Poor Fellow!

Alice and Helen, discussing English assignment before class.
Helen—Alice, can you get a good modern sentence out of the next line in Chaucer?
Alice—Sure (translating): "He had a head like a nut and—"
Sympathetic Junior—Will someone please get a monkey wrench; that hurts me terribly.

